

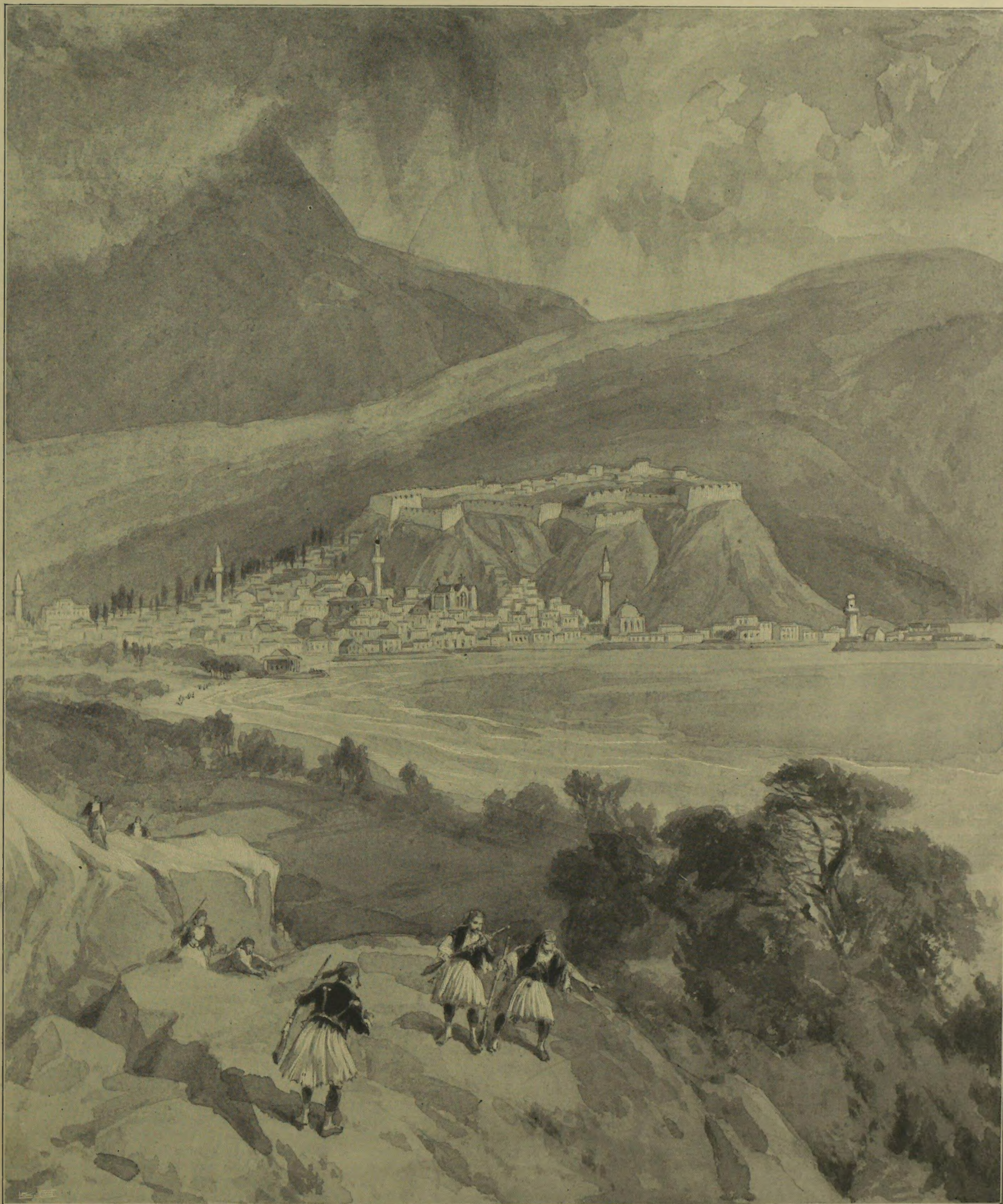
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: RETIMO, ONE OF THE CHIEF TOWNS OF THE ISLAND, AND THE SCENE OF MANY MURDERS BY TURKISH SOLDIERS.

Drawn by William Simpson, R.I., from a Sketch made on the Spot by a Correspondent.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The excellent Sir Benjamin Richardson has discovered that the threescore years and ten generally supposed to be the term of human life is forty years short of the time average people "who take care of themselves" ought to live. This is alarming, because the counsel to take care of themselves is one of the few pieces of advice people are likely to follow, and only fancy—let us hope it is "only fancy"—if everyone we know should resolutely apply himself to reach his 110th year and succeed in it! A vast number of persons live a great deal too long for the happiness of their fellow-creatures even as it is, and the inconvenience of their gaining this enormous addition to their existence can hardly be over-estimated. It is not likely that Sir Benjamin would make the mistake of the classical person who, in asking for immortality, forgot to add "with youth" (as though one should ask for soda instead of soda and brandy): he doubtless would not doom us to a dotage of forty years long; but he would deny to his superannuated not to say superfluous veteran, both alcohol and tobacco; the flowing bowl in both kinds would be forbidden him. As some people eat to live, so he would neither drink nor smoke with the same object. A man may be a very estimable and pleasant member of society who is a total abstainer, a non-smoker, and even a vegetarian, but in a general way it is certain that this self-denial—or, as I suppose its advocates consider it, this natural disinclination to vice—does not somehow make for geniality. If the meat offering, and the drink offering, and the smoke offering are all refused, the minister at the altar of hospitality is puzzled to know what to do with his guest; and somehow, though I hope I am mistaken, the virtuous one seems to sniff the odour from the objects of which he does not partake somewhat resentfully, and not to be displeased if he thinks they have hurt his host's constitution. It may be possible, since Sir Benjamin Richardson says so, that seven out of ten of these excellent persons should live to 110; but is it desirable, either for themselves or their fellow-creatures? A great statesman, on hearing a friend say he did not know how to play at whist, observed, "What an old age you are preparing for yourself!" What would have been his observation to an anti-everything-arian?

A curious outcome of the pretensions of the New Woman has taken place at Chicago. Mrs. A, of Chicago, a woman of property, sues for divorce from her husband, an old man without any means whatever. Whereupon Mr. Justice B, sitting in Chancery, reviews the relations of husband and wife from the days of Homer to those of Lady Henry Somerset, holds in effect that the wife has become the predominant partner in the marital union, and enters a decree that Mrs. A shall pay alimony, *pendente lite*, to the husband and a retainer to the lawyers engaged for his defence. The "advanced woman" at Chicago accepts the precedency, but demurs to the consequences, and Mrs. A has appealed.

Why is it that begging-letter writers always dog the path of Literature, and beset its professor with their importunities? They are well aware that writers are not wealthy—they know the pecuniary position of all classes of their fellow-creatures—yet there is none which attracts them more. Perhaps it is sympathy, the reflection that both they and the authors live by their pens; perhaps it is the conventional idea of the literary person, generous before he is just, and who would rather give a guinea away than pay a bill with it; perhaps it is the comparative ease with which the author can be attacked on his weak side (vanity); but at all events he has been their victim for generations. One does not require to be very celebrated to attract these attentions, and, when we have once begun to do it, they increase by geometrical progression. Just as tramps are said to mark the houses of the charitable for the information of future tramps, so the news of an easily bled author is made known by the begging-letter writer to the rest of his fraternity. This course of conduct has a noble and unselfish appearance, but from what I know of his class, I am sure he would not pursue it if it did not pay him.

No man, probably, was ever persecuted in this way so much as Charles Dickens. His reputation was enormous, his gains were supposed to be very large, and generosity was advocated in all his works. Any one of these circumstances would have made him an object of appeal to these parasites, but the three together marked him for their own. In the end they overdid it, and no writer has inveighed against them more vehemently, though with a humour of which not indignation itself could deprive him. "He has besieged my door," he tells us of the B.L.I., "at all hours of the day and night, he has fought my servants, he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in." The things he has wanted to set him up in the world are amazing: "A greatcoat to go to India in, and a hat to get him a permanent situation under Government. . . . He has been often seven-and-sixpence short of independence. Sometimes, when he is sure that I have found him out, and that there is no chance of money, he writes to inform me that I have got rid of him at last. He has enlisted in the Company's service—yet he wants a cheese." He is informed by the sergeant that it is essential to his prospects in the regiment that he should take out a single Gloucester cheese.

Eight or nine shillings will buy it. He doesn't ask for money after what has passed, but if he calls at nine to-morrow morning may he hope to find a cheese? And is there anything he can do to show his gratitude in Bengal?" "The poor," says Dickens, "never write these letters," nor do they now. The begging-letter writer of to-day is indeed a cultured person. He rarely stoops to anything so vulgar as to describe his wife as in an interesting condition (out of which of old she never got); his children are not starving, or if so, he does not think it worth while to mention it; he founds his application upon his personal needs, and flatters himself that you will consider him an interesting as well as a deserving object. His literary style is ornate, and suggests even finer possibilities, "and yet I do not dare to write (he seems to say) so richly as I can."

I have had three letters this week from different members of this talented community. One of them is a "broken man," recently returned from Pernambuco; another has just been released from jail at Reading; the third has been a citizen of the world (and I am afraid not a good citizen), and has had as many ups and downs as an American President; but they all three express the most excellent sentiments in the finest language, and indeed, for all I know, may be the same person. I have myself been connected with literature for some years, but their style is as far beyond me as are their aspirations and emotions. Like the play of Hamlet, they are full of quotations.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

writes one gentleman, who, however, by his own account, having, "through the malice of Fate," been habitually penniless, could never have experienced this ecstasy. He compares himself to one of Charles Reade's heroes, whom he resembles so completely that he remarks it is unnecessary in the case of a person so impregnated with English fiction as I am to describe himself more particularly, which he nevertheless proceeds to do, and at insufferable length. He is "quite alone in the world," with the exception of a single friend, "who is unfortunately a lunatic." My humble works have been "a pleasure and a help to him for five-and-twenty years," and he is sure that "the great heart of the most admirable of English novelists" will be induced to send him a pound or two. "It is dreadful to have to appeal to strangers, but what is one to do when one has an insufficient supply of wearing apparel?" This is evidently an extract from his stock of winter appeals, and is the only instance of carelessness into which he has been betrayed, though there seems a little inconsistency in the statements that his necessities "are pulling down to destruction the best of mothers," and that "his one source of consolation is that he still remains at heart a gentleman." There are five large-sized pages of this on Indian paper, but as they are addressed to me "in strictest privacy," I feel it would be a breach of confidence to quote further from them.

If there are a few things that make an old man young there are a good many more, alas! that remind him that youth has fled for ever. One of them is the recurrence of an anniversary. The more accurately we remember it, and for the moment, as it were, lose ourselves in its recollection, the more severe is the shock we experience when we come back again to what we still call (though it is a sad misnomer) "Life."

All along the valley while I walked to-day
The three-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away.

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

I write three instead of two-and-thirty because the poet himself made an error (though it does not concern his readers) to that extent, and it so happens that the correction exactly corresponds with the distance in time between the marriages of the Princess of Wales and her daughter Maud. I had exceeded my first youth when the former event took place, but all was still May with me from head to heel.

Sea-King's daughter from over the sea,
what a welcome she had, as though we knew already how well we should love her! There is no want of loyal enthusiasm now over the wedding of her daughter with the Sea-King's grandson, but to those of us who remember the first there must needs be a touch of sadness belonging to the second only known to ourselves. "My God," cried Swift, reading in old age what he had written in far back years, "what a genius I had at that time!" Few of us can make with truth an observation of that kind, but we can all remember our youth and contrast it with our present condition.

If force is never lost, as the men of science tell us, I should like to know where the high spirits of 1863 are gone to? It seems to me—though the fault may be my own, as in the case of the deaf gentleman, who complained that it had become the fashion to mumble—that they have no counterpart in these days. I don't believe that it struck anyone to take the steps to see the Princess pass the other day that we took to see her mother. They were only housemaid's steps, but the fun we got out of them was better than any "wit of the stairs" (*l'esprit d'escalier*). A friend had asked me to breakfast in Half Moon Street to see the procession, but as he lived at the north end, it might, for any view he

possessed, have been in the full moon. But he had got over that difficulty, for at the crucial moment he produced his steps and we carried them down to Piccadilly. "Now then," observed a policeman directly his eye fell on them, "you must not let out them steps." This intelligent officer really believed that we two young gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion and obviously belonging to the best circles, had a mercenary object. What was still more delightful, the crowd believed it too; we could have cleared half a sovereign by those steps in half a minute, only unfortunately the moneyed classes (in a sad minority) were overpowered before their offers could be accepted, and a great wave of impatient humanity swept the Peeler away as though he were orange-peel, and stormed the steps, all but the top ones, to which we clung half dead with laughter. Nor did the humorous ingenuity of my friend end here, for, unless my memory fails me, on that very evening, when the city was "flashing with rivers of fire, and flags fluttered out upon turret and tower" and the streets were utterly impassable for wheeled conveyances, there was a single exception in the shape of a fire-engine he had hired for the night, for which, incited by cries of urgency, the crowd made way like water parted by the hand. Unless one's high spirits are returned to one (let us hope with apologies) in another state of existence, I shall never have such a day as that again.

When I was a little tiny boy my mind was set upon being a merchant, trading in gold and diamonds, and resident in Bagdad, a magnificent position from which I have since then much declined. On the other hand, I must have over-estimated the charms of Bagdad (which has now an h) if *His Excellency's English Governess* is to be trusted, whose remarkable experiences have been lately given to us. Her pupil is Azim Bey, the ten-year-old son of the Pasha of that ilk, a queer pupil for anybody, but especially for an English girl-graduate such as Cecil Anstruther, who has gained the first prize for French in the B.A. Final and the second place in Honours for Mental and Moral Science. She has attained the situation through her friend Lady Haigh, wife of Sir Dugald Haigh (a sort of minor Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), the resident at Bagdad. This lady takes Cecil with her from England, and also her cousin, one Charlie Egerton, whose frequent failures in the East have been caused (and no wonder) by his love of justice and habit of speaking his mind. The appointment is of a delicate and even dangerous nature, through the prevalence of Palace intrigues; Azim is the youngest son of the Pasha, and his grandmother the Um-ul-Pasha, wishes to remove him to make way for his elder brother, a bad character set aside by his father. This is brought home to Cecil by a very early experience.

After lessons one morning Azim Bey dispatched one of the slave-women to bring some coffee. The negress was longer than usual on her errand and he waxed impatient, but she reappeared at last, hurrying in with three tiny jewelled cups on a silver tray. One cup was for herself, for it was her duty to taste the beverages supplied to the Bey, the remaining two for him and for Cecil. As the woman set the tray down on the little octagonal table, Azim Bey gave it a slight twist so as to bring the cup which had been nearest to her hand opposite to himself. Her hand was already outstretched to take it, and she paused in surprise and hesitated.

"Taste the coffee, O Salimeh!" said the boy, authoritatively.

Rather doubtfully Salimeh stretched her hand across the tray, took the cup which was in front of her young master, and drank off the contents.

"Now drink another," said Azim Bey.

"O my lord, they are for thee and for Mademoiselle," remonstrated the woman, with a note of anxiety in her voice which attracted Cecil's attention. "How shall I drink my lord's coffee?"

"Drink it," said Azim Bey, shortly, fixing his eyes upon her.

As though fascinated by his gaze, she slowly stretched out her hand and took up another cup, raised it half-way to her lips, and paused.

"Drink it," he repeated, gazing at her, while her dark face grew pale and ghastly-looking with terror, until in a sudden frenzy she dashed the cup to the ground.

"O my lord, pardon the servant," she sobbed, flinging herself on her knees and grovelling before him. "God has made my lord very wise. There is death in the cup."

"Drink the other," said Azim Bey, unmoved.

Such a precocious youth as Azim never before had lady governess. In some ways he is, of course, a child, but in others he is not only grown up, but overgrown. He is pleased with her story-telling, and proposes in return to show what he can do as a *raconteur*; thereupon he begins "a gentleman's story" of such amazing wickedness that Cecil is horrified to the last degree; he is, it turns out, in possession of quite a library of scrofulous French novels, supplied by one of the politicians in the town, of which, however, he cheerfully makes a bonfire at his governess's request. He is very fond of her, and at eleven years old makes her an offer of marriage, which drives the Um-ul-Pasha frantic; while on finding that her hand is engaged to Charlie he has not the slightest compunction in endeavouring to compass that young gentleman's death. In spite of these little errors in morals, one cannot help liking the plucky little fellow, who has the intelligence of a whole Board School rolled into one. A more graphic and interesting picture of Eastern life has seldom been presented to us than is afforded by this volume; while ample amusement is provided quite naturally by its being beheld through the spectacles—though, as Charlie would have told us with indignation, she never wore them—of a Girton girl, one of a clergyman's family, whose ideas of Bagdad had been gathered from the "Arabian Nights."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

(See Supplement.)

The stir of the royal wedding is over, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark are enjoying at Appleton House the quietude which even royalties are able to secure at the hands of a loyal people. Up to the very door of their new home they were followed, on the day of their marriage, by the demonstrations which the popularity of the royal House secured for them, and which the immediate vicinity of Sandringham enhanced. In our Supplement we give a royal group, to which a unique interest attaches. It links together, for the last time, Princess Maud with her parents, before her departure to her own home. The royal bride has her husband and her bridesmaids with her, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Fife, whose face promises to gain a place beside her mother's in the public eye. That particular group is not likely ever to come together again, though most of its members will no doubt figure largely in the artist's records of current history. Appleton, the future English home of the Prince and Princess Charles, is, as it now stands, a modern building, but it occupies the site of a much larger mansion, the Appleton Hall built by Sir Edward Paston and destroyed by fire early in the eighteenth century. The home of the Pastons boasted a moat, a private chapel, and other picturesque accessories commonly ascribed to the residence of an old English family of Roman Catholic creed. A nondescript house which replaced this noble pile after the disastrous fire of 1707 was occupied, some years ago, by Mr. Gerard Creswell, at one time the tenant of Appleton Farm. Mrs. Creswell was the author of "The Lady Farmer." After the Prince of Wales had bought the property, he entirely rebuilt the house, which has since been the country home of Major-General Stanley-Clarke. Appleton House is situated upon a slight eminence, from which a very pretty view is obtained of Sandringham Heath, with its wealth of stately pines, and the surrounding scenery, which is very typical of the county of Norfolk. In the grounds hard by are stonework remains of underground passages, and a "Pilgrims' Well" is shaded by sycamore trees planted by pious wayfarers who in days gone by were wont to rest at Appleton on their journey to the wonder-working shrine of the Virgin at Walsingham.

The irregular modern building is graced with luxuriant climbing plants. A spacious hall is approached through a conservatory, and round it runs a gallery giving access to the chief upper rooms. The interior of the house has been altered to make it more convenient for a royal household, and the improvement of the property has included a new lodge, giving entrance to the park.

Less than a mile away from Princess Maud's new residence lies Sandringham, the home of her infancy and girlhood; and intercourse between the two houses can thus attain to a constancy which banishes that one usually attendant shadow of the happiest marriage, the severance of a bride from her parents.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The formal condition of declared hostilities between the two opposed naval forces, consisting of the ships of the Channel Fleet, under command of Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, and those of the Reserve Fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral E. H. Seymour, began on Friday, July 24, at midnight, to continue for six days. An official publication this week of the "general" idea of these manœuvres, when interpreted in the light of a supposed war going on between England and a foreign naval Power, which has already got possession of nearly all the shores of Ireland, shows the interesting problem. The enemy's fleet, represented by that of Lord Walter Kerr, consists of the A and B squadrons, the latter commanded by Rear-Admiral Powlett; and their positions at the commencement of active operations are that the A squadron is at Berehaven and the B squadron is at Dublin. On the British home defence side, Admiral Seymour has the C squadron at Milford Haven and the D squadron, under Rear-Admiral Wilson, at Torbay, but the latter is delayed twenty-four hours in getting to sea. Lord Walter Kerr's first object, with the A portion of his fleet, is to attack and defeat Admiral Seymour's (the C squadron) as it leaves Milford Haven, approaching the south coast of Ireland;

but when he learns that the D squadron is coming to join Admiral Seymour, he has to prevent their junction, and he will expect to be joined by Admiral Powlett's B squadron from Dublin. In the further movements, as planned, Admiral Seymour's English fleet will attempt, if possible, with both C and D squadrons combined, or one squadron singly, to get away to the north of Ireland, and there to enter Lough Swilly, which harbour is supposed to be held on the British side. Lord Walter Kerr may, in pursuit, having the stronger fleet and swifter ships, be able to prevent this, overtaking the C fleet twenty miles from Lough Swilly. The flagships of the respective Admirals are, for the A squadron, H.M.S. *Majestic*; the B squadron, H.M.S. *Magnificent*; the C squadron, H.M.S. *Alexandra*; and the D squadron, H.M.S. *Sanspareil*. The manœuvres end on Friday morning at eight o'clock.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZEMAN AT BISLEY.

The Annual National Rifle Association meeting at Bisley was brought to a close on Saturday, July 25, before an unusually large throng of spectators. This year's meeting preserved its character to the last, the concluding day being full of variety and excitement. It seemed at one



LIEUTENANT THOMSON (QUEEN'S EDINBURGH RIFLE BRIGADE),
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

The thistle on the rifle was presented to the winner by the London Scottish immediately after his victory.

time as though there would be a break in the fine weather, which, save on one day, had prevailed throughout the meeting; but such fears went unrealised, and the 1896 meeting will go down in the annals of riflemen as exceptionally fortunate in its atmospheric conditions. The contest for the Queen's Prize, as usual, aroused the keenest interest of the day. Captain Foster, the silver medallist, Private Willett, of the Artists, Sergeant Wilson, and Corporal Cown, of the South Staffordshire, ran the score up; but the excitement became intense when Lieutenant J. L. Thomson, of the Queen's Edinburgh, stood at 266 with two shots still to make, and the young Scotsman's victorious total of 273 was made amid great enthusiasm. The hero of the day, and, indeed, of the year's meeting, received a regular ovation as he was borne in triumph to the camp on the shoulders of his admirers, under the escort of troopers and mounted police, and when the Duchess of Albany, who distributed the prizes, herself pinned on his badge and presented the Gold Medal and cheque for £250, the cheering was vociferous.

The latest Queen's Prizeman is twenty-nine years of age, and is by profession a surveyor at Edinburgh. Some years back he distinguished himself in the Public Schools Trophy competition at Edinburgh, and won a Macnaghten rifle, the stock of which stood him in good stead as part of the rifle with which he emerged victorious at Bisley. During the very morning of his success Lieutenant Thomson received the auspicious news that he had won

the Grand Aggregate prize of the recent West of Scotland Rifle Meeting. In the earlier events of this year's Bisley meeting he was second for both the bronze and silver medals. The second and third places in the Queen's Prize contest were secured by Corporal Cown, 1st South Staffordshire, and Captain Foster, 4th West Surrey.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The further construction of the railway which is now being laid down across the recent battlefield of Firket and will be carried on to Suarda has been the chief work of the British officers and of their Egyptian and Soudanese troops for some days past. The heat in the Soudan desert region is severely felt, and some deaths from cholera have taken place at Kosheh, those of Captain Fenwick and Surgeon-Captain Trask being especially regretted as a great loss to the service. Our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, who was at Suarda on June 23, inspected the house of the Emir Hammuda, the Mahdist or Dervish commander, slain at Firket on June 7. It is now occupied by Colonel Burn-Murdoch, the leader of the cavalry corps which rode into Suarda on the morning after that battle. The house stands in a large compound or inclosure, with mud-brick walls 10 ft. high. It is built on a framework of timber beams, one of which, perpendicular, having its lower end sunk in a stone block, fits at the top into a square piece, and forms the axis of the massive entrance door. The roof is of straw, laid upon horizontal rafters. The furniture of this house is sufficiently convenient, including a handsome "angareb," or couch of wood, ornamentally carved, with a seat of untanned leather. At Suarda was collected a good deal of "loot," or fairly won booty, found in the abandoned Dervish camp. Prisoners of war from the hostile tribes, some of whom came over in boats from the opposite bank of the Nile to surrender to Colonel Burn-Murdoch, were as numerous as the refugees from Mahdist tyranny; men, women, and children of the Barabara were lying about on the sand, each family with its own little domestic property, its few simple chattels, feeling safe under British protection.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

The operations of General Sir Frederick Carrington, in the Matopopo Hill region near Bulawayo, designed to expel the hostile Matabili from their rocky strongholds, have been continued during a fortnight past. A second conflict took place on Monday, July 20, when Captain Laing's troop attacked a large force of the enemy, issuing from the caves at Inugo, and drove them back, killing about ninety, but could not reach the caves. The enemy kept up a rapid fire of muskets or rifles, which told upon the friendly native auxiliaries, but the actual loss was small among the colonial soldiers. Four Englishmen were killed, and as many wounded. On Saturday, at the same place, a fresh attack was made, but unsuccessfully, by three hundred and fifty men and four guns, under Captain Nicholson, attempting to enter a narrow stony gorge, which was obstructed by huge granite boulders, and its sides quite honeycombed with caves. The enemy,

having retired from the neighbouring heights into these almost impregnable recesses, where they could not be seen, and could not be touched by artillery, by shell, or by Maxim-gun fire, still contrived to pour forth a rain of bullets, which in a few minutes wounded seven of the white troopers and Cape boys. At length Captain Nicholson thought fit to withdraw his men. On Sunday a reconnaissance was made by Colonel Baden-Powell, with a larger force, at the mouth of the Chabez gorge, to seek means of compelling the enemy to move out into the open country. There are great complaints of the lack of food at Gwelo, fifty miles east of Bulawayo, the garrison there being almost beleaguered. Major Hurrell's column had a sharp conflict with the enemy at Belingwe, on his way to Fort Victoria; three of his troopers were killed. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has returned to Bulawayo from the advanced military headquarters. It was on May 19 that Mr. Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Major Beal, with the men brought from Fort Salisbury, met Colonel Napier's column on the Pongo River, fifteen miles west of the Shangani. That scene is represented in a sketch we have received from a correspondent who was there; and since the Mashonaland native revolt, of somewhat later date, must have added greatly to the perils and calamities of the general state of affairs in "Rhodesia," the position of Fort Salisbury, with the garrison prepared to resist a night attack which was expected—though no such attack eventually took place—may be also deemed worthy of a graphic record.

THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

All comments and conjectures regarding the purposes or the prospects of the Greek Christian emancipation party in Crete, and the real import of the present lamentable conflict, in which the Turkish and Albanian soldiery have perpetrated many acts of wanton cruelty, must be tempered with reference to the hopes and fears, on both sides, perhaps, equally vain and imaginary, of a foreign intervention—either by the small kingdom of Greece, with its ambitious patriotism and its slender resources, being drawn into the contest, and possibly then finding an influential patron among the Great Powers—or else by the combined action of the European Powers, in their anxiety to prevent a general break-up of the Ottoman Empire, compelling the Sultan to grant a large measure of self-government to his Christian subjects, the Armenians of Asia Minor as well as the islanders, which might very probably occasion a Mussulman revolt, immediately endangering his throne. Athens and Constantinople, rather than Canea, the provincial capital of the island, seem therefore to be the actual centres of political movements tending to results which may be perilous, from the hostility of different races and opposed religions, to the existing rule over communities far larger than the Cretan population, and which might, in certain contingencies, disturb the Treaty guarantees of the Sultan's dominions. To avert or to defer this crisis, for the sake of international peace, has no doubt been the aim of European diplomacy, while using its influence with the Porte or Imperial Government, feeble as this may be, as it appears cowardly and insincere, to the prohibition of Mussulman outrages, at least of those committed by its own troops. On the other hand, it is undeniable that in some localities, where the Greek peasantry or rude highlanders could avenge their national wrongs in the absence of a military force, deeds of similar barbarity



MR. ALFRED BILOTTI, BRITISH CONSUL AT CANEA, CRETE.

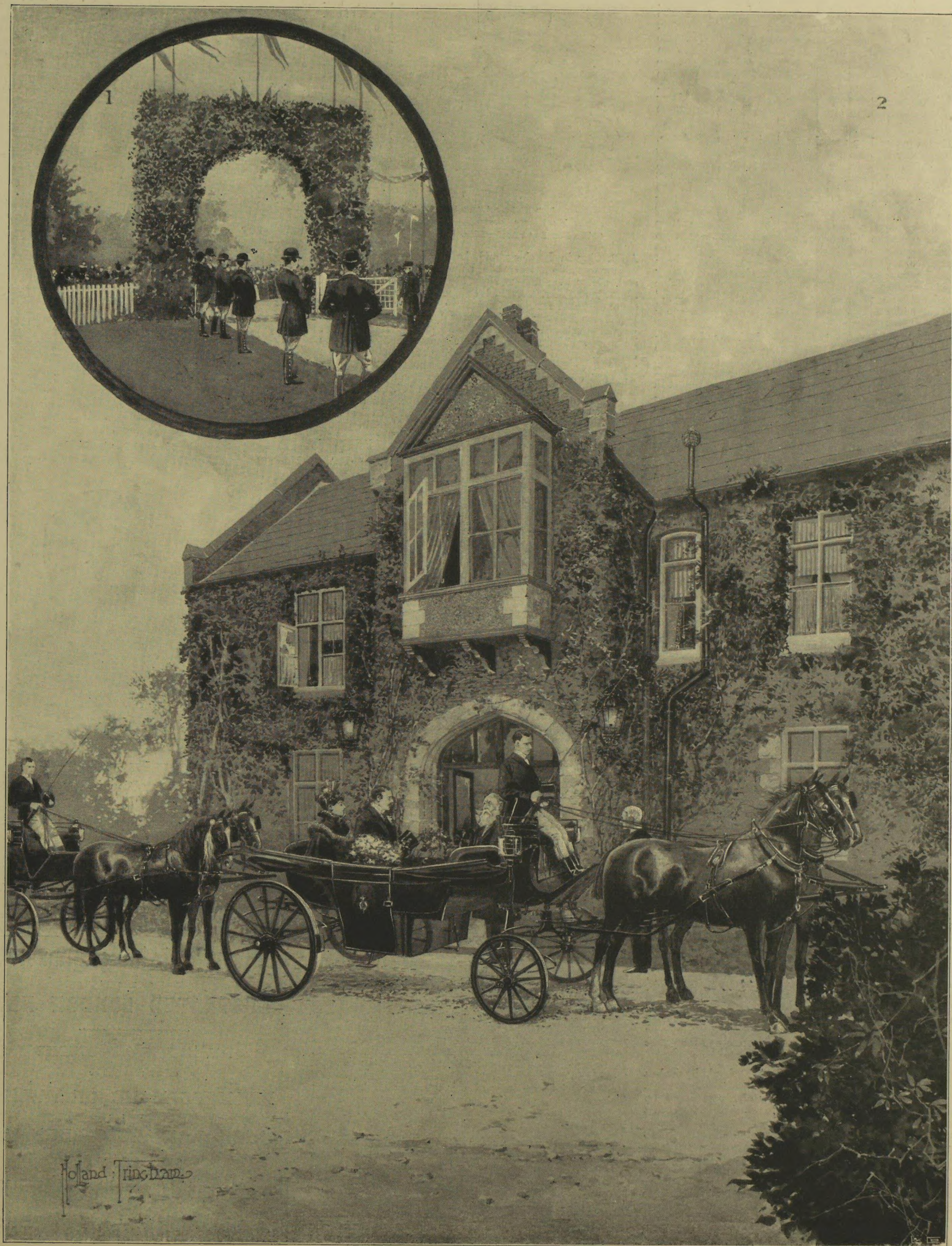
have accompanied the insurrection, and that Mohammedans have something to complain of. This is a state of affairs that must render the official services of the British Consul-General, Mr. A. Bilotti, C.B. and C.M.G., not less difficult than important at this most trying time. In presenting the portrait of that gentleman, who is a Levantine by birth and an old resident at Canea, we may remark that her Majesty's Government, entertaining full confidence in his local inquiries and reports, cannot yet avail itself of his diligence so widely as might be desirable, since it was stated by our Foreign Office, upon a very recent occasion, that the Turkish Government had objected to allowing Mr. Bilotti to visit several places for the purpose of distributing charitable relief, from a fund subscribed in England, to the sufferers by a recent attack upon those villages. Whether permission will be refused to a joint tour of investigation, undertaken by three or four European Consuls, as in the case of Zeitoun and other places in Armenia, remains to be proved. The town and trading port of Canea, on the north coast, is the residence of the newly appointed Governor-General, Berovitch Pasha, who, as a Christian and as an equitable administrator, would seem personally acceptable, but whose fair disposition has scarcely yet been shown with adequate effect, being counteracted by Abdullah Pasha, the military commandant. As for the interior districts of the island, foreign visitors, during the late disturbances, have seldom been able to approach them; but we have received from a correspondent with the British naval squadron various notes, sketches, and photographs of the scenes of havoc and distress along the sea-coast. A view of the little town of Retimo, originally Maretimo, near the western extremity, is one of these contributions to our journal.



CANEA, THE CAPITAL OF CRETE: SHOWING THE HARBOUR AND NEIGHBOURING BUILDINGS, INCLUDING THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT APPLETON HOUSE.



1. Awaiting the Bride and Bridegroom at the Appleton Lodge Gates.

2. Arrival of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Appleton House.

PERSONAL.

It is rumoured that Sir Philip Currie will succeed Lord Dufferin at the Paris Embassy, and already there is grumbling at Lord Salisbury's choice. The appointment of the Hon. Francis Hyde Villiers, C.B., to the post of Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in succession to the late Sir Percy Anderson, has provoked quite a storm of protest from the friends of officials who have been overlooked. Mr. Villiers has been a quarter of a century in public life. He was Private Secretary to Lord Tenterden at the Foreign Office from 1875 to 1882, and he served in the same capacity under Sir Julian Pauncefote. In 1885 he became Acting Second Secretary in the Diplomatic Service. Mr. Villiers has been Private Secretary both to Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery. His new appointment is worth £1500 a year.

There are few deep rooted enmities in our political life. The other day Mr. Chamberlain took public occasion to say that Sir William Harcourt, though his political opponent, was his personal friend. This reminds us of a time, not so long ago, when the personal feud between these two statesmen gave a considerable spice to Parliamentary debate. Mr. J. W. Mellor, who was Chairman of Committees during the passage of the Home Rule Bill through the Commons, and who has reason to remember Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards the Chair in that troublous time, has been recalling boyhood's happy hour which he and the Colonial Secretary shared together. Mr. Chamberlain, says this affable witness, was "a particularly quiet and good little boy." We should like to hear what Master Chamberlain thought of Master Mellor.

We hope the rumour is true that the Duke of Devonshire intends to pull down the outer wall of Devonshire House. The mansion itself is not an architectural delight, but it is better to look at than the wall, which suggests a prison. A simple railing will be a public improvement in Piccadilly. It is suggested that the walls of the Buckingham Palace grounds should be replaced by railings. This is a most desirable reform, for those walls hide one of the most charming gardens in London, and it is scarcely ever used by the royal family, and to open it to the gaze of the public would be an act of excellent sense.

The Rev. Marshall Randles, D.D., who has just been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference, is by birth

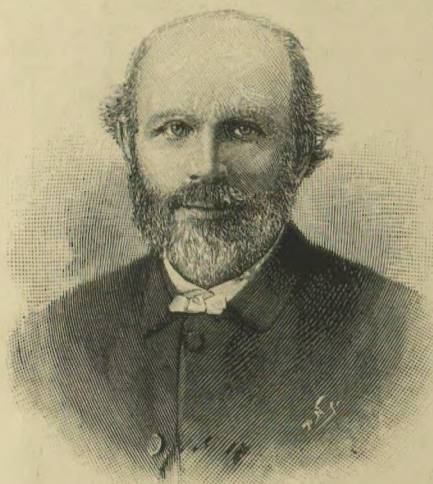


Photo Ball, Regent Street.

THE REV. MARSHALL RANGLES, D.D.,
Now President of the Wesleyan Conference.

Didsbury Theological College, under the tutorship of the late Dr. Hannah, he served the full term in a number of the best circuits of the connexion. For seventeen years he has acted as chairman of districts, chiefly in his native county and in Yorkshire. In 1886, on the retirement of the Rev. Dr. W. B. Pope from the Theological Professorship at Didsbury College, Marshall Randles was elected, and has since exerted a powerful influence in moulding the rising ministry of the connexion. In 1891 the Montreal College, affiliated to the McGill University, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Randles is the author of several theological works, including "For Ever," a critical survey of the argument for and against "Eternal Punishment," "Substitutions," "The Design and Use of Holy Scripture," etc. He has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature since his appointment to Manchester. Dr. Randles has taken an active part in the social and public life of the city. He is well known and greatly respected not only by the members of his own church, but by many of the public men belonging to other churches.

Lord Bray's suggestion that Sept. 23 should be made a public holiday to celebrate the fact that the Queen will then have reigned longer than any of her predecessors, will not be adopted. The date is "inconvenient for such a manifestation of loyalty," and Lord Salisbury has suggested instead that this should be postponed till her Majesty's next birthday. It is probable, however, that some steps will be taken to mark Sept. 23 specially in the calendar. The Queen may be asked to hold a review of troops at Windsor, but it is not her custom to be at the Castle so late in the year, and a change in her habits puts her to great inconvenience. There is no reason why loyal addresses should not be sent to her on that day, and of this privilege many public bodies may be expected to avail themselves.

Mr. Schreiner, who moved in the Cape Assembly the adoption of the report presented by the majority of the Committee of Inquiry into the Jameson raid, is a brother of Olive Schreiner. He was Attorney-General in Mr. Rhodes's administration, and has a very strong regard for his chief. In his speech to the Cape Assembly Mr. Schreiner declared that Mr. Rhodes's motives were unimpeachable, though the Committee had found his Transvaal policy incompatible with the duties of Prime Minister of Cape Colony.

Mr. Ernest Crofts, who has been recently promoted to the full honours of the Royal Academy, although still a comparatively young man, has had to wait long for his well-earned distinction.



Photo Window and Grove, Baker Street.
MR. ERNEST CROFTS,
The New Royal Academician.

A. B. Clay in London; and, having learned what that master was able to teach him, he went back to Düsseldorf and entered the studio of Herr Emil Hünten, a painter of military subjects, who had enjoyed a more than usual share of Court favour in Germany. Mr. Crofts not only learnt the manner of his master but adopted the same branch of art, of which, since the eclipse of Miss Thomson, he is the chief though not the only exponent in this country. By Mr. Crofts' skill and knowledge the English public have been able to follow the fortunes of the wars in which the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, Cromwell and Prince Rupert, Wallenstein and William III., Blücher and Wellington have played the leading parts. In all cases Mr. Crofts' careful following of historic tradition has been as marked as his scrupulous and minute attention to the costumes of the various periods of which he has treated in his pictures.

It was, however, by pictures of more immediate and contemporary interest that Mr. Crofts first attracted attention. Various episodes of the Franco-German War brought him into notice, and one of his earliest works, "The Retreat," exhibited in 1874, was purchased for the Royal Gallery at Königsberg—showing that feats of arms stimulate a love of art, and that among a military people military subjects are always popular. In our own country this special branch of painting has fallen into undeserved neglect, and since the days of George Jones, R.A., has received little official recognition. It is, therefore, as an interesting sign of a change in the direction of Academic opinion that Mr. Ernest Crofts' election may be recorded, as well as a tribute to his undoubted merits.

M. Eugène Spuller's death has robbed France of a statesman with an irreproachable record. He was an intimate friend of Gambetta, with whom he quitted Paris in a balloon to organise the national defence against the German invasion in 1870. He was subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of Public Instruction, and won golden opinions in both capacities. He assisted Gambetta to found the *République Française*, a journal which formerly exercised great influence over public opinion in France.

Charles Dickens, the eldest son of the great novelist, passed away on July 20. He had been in failing health for some time, and his death was, therefore, not unexpected. Fifty-nine years of age, Charles Dickens the younger had passed through a varied series of experiences. He was a scholar of King's College, Eton, and Leipzig, after which he entered the office of Baron Tauchnitz, the well-known publisher of the Continental library which bears his name. After a while Charles Dickens came home to assist his father on *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, which he edited after the death of their founder. *All the Year Round* only died last year, after a long and honourable career. Its editor used occasionally to write in its pages, but his work lacked distinction. Mr. Dickens married Miss Evans, and by her had a large family, of whom his daughter, Mary Angela Dickens, has shown a decided literary gift in several novels.

Mr. Dickens was for long a partner in the printing firm of Dickens and Evans, and his "Dictionary of London" has had considerable vogue. Mr. Dickens essayed to follow in his father's footsteps as a public reader, and in the provinces he was heard with pleasure interpreting some of the effective passages which his sire used to declaim so finely. In this month's *Pall Mall Magazine*, curiously enough, there is an article, signed "Charles Dickens the Younger," on the various originals of characters which have been immortalised by his father's pen, and refuting different statements as to the spots and the persons said to have been the subjects of Dickens's portrayal.

Mary Dickens, the elder of Dickens's daughters, has quickly followed her brother Charles to the grave. "Mamie," as the novelist used to call her, was born in 1838, and though she did not play any conspicuous part in her father's lifetime, she presided over his household at Gad's Hill and was very helpful to him. In conjunction with her aunt, Miss Georgina Hogarth, she edited Dickens's Letters. There are few allusions to her in John Forster's Life of her father, but they are significant of the very high place she had in his regard.

The opera season is finished at last, and the song of London is dumb. Just before its end it chose to surprise the world by a sudden and unexpected interpretation of "Don Giovanni"; Miss Margaret Reid made an elegant and charming Zerlina, but was not perhaps solid enough for the large spaces of Covent Garden. Signor Ancona as the Don sang well, but somewhat lacked the superb air which Mozart's greatest hero should possess. Madame Albani took the part of Donna Anna with some dramatic success,

although her manner belongs largely to the Italian convention which in recent times we have been taught somewhat to despise, not altogether without reason. The orchestra played well enough under Signor Bevilacqua, but, like all modern orchestras, it treated Mozart with a kind of familiarity which is altogether unnecessary, and which is of necessity inappropriate.

On Tuesday, July 28, the opera ended, as it had begun, with a performance of "Roméo et Juliette." Alvarez was the Roméo, Melba the Juliette, and both sang with exquisite beauty and distinction. When all was over, a small body of musical critics entertained Mr. Neil Forsyth to supper at the Criterion, where it was satisfactorily announced that Mr. Forsyth would next year carry on his past duties as manager and director of the business side of the opera. The reunion was a most pleasant one, and went to prove decisively how strong a tie may exist between any management and any body of critics if things are only managed discreetly and well.

In addition to the special Bank Holiday railway arrangements of the various companies already recorded in our columns, the following details may be of service to our readers. The Great Northern Railway announces for Friday night, July 31, cheap four or nine days' excursions from London to Stirling, Perth, Oban, Aberdeen, etc., and to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. For sixteen days tickets are issued at a single fare for the double journey. For Aug. 1 cheap excursions have been arranged for periods of from three to seventeen days to many Midland and Northern towns. At midnight on the eve of the holiday a fast two days' excursion leaves King's Cross for Manchester, and for Bank Holiday itself many cheap trips are arranged.

The South-Eastern Railway announces cheap day excursions on Aug. 2 and 3 to Margate, Hastings, Dover, Folkestone, and all chief watering-places served by the company. Special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets to many seaside resorts are also being issued, and cheap excursions for Saturday to Monday and longer periods will carry travellers from Charing Cross and Cannon Street to Boulogne, Paris, Ostend, Calais, and Brussels with a minimum of trouble and expense.

A particular pathos is lent to the death of Lieutenant Hugh Henry Foxcroft Farmer, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who has succumbed to an attack of enteric fever at Suarda, by the brevity of the

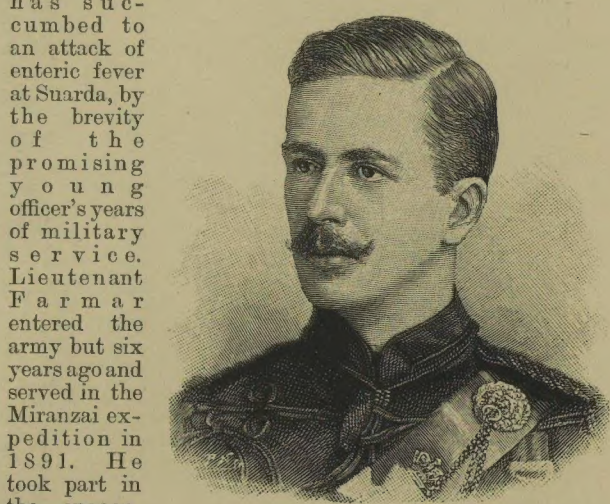


Photo Chalkley Gould, Southampton.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT HUGH H. F. FARMER.

of military service. Lieutenant Farmer entered the army but six years ago and served in the Miranzai expedition in 1891. He took part in the engagement at Sangar, afterwards receiving the medal and clasp, and the next year saw him on the Isazai expedition. He joined the Egyptian Army shortly before the recent advance towards Dongola was planned, and in the course of the recent operations under the command of the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, has given proof of abilities such as promised to win him an honourable military career. He was considered an excellent officer, and was highly esteemed with his men, while his keen interest in sport and his genial temperament had made him extremely popular with his fellow officers.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left Windsor for Osborne on Friday, July 24, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with the infant children of the Duke and Duchess of York. Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, had been several days at Osborne. Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawel-Rammingen were guests of the Queen at Osborne. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark have left England.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria, at Marlborough House, have entertained the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, Prince Nicholas of Greece, and Princes Christian and Harald of Denmark. On Saturday their Royal Highnesses, with these foreign visitors, went to see the races and other sports at the Ranelagh Club. The Prince of Wales has been at Goodwood this week.

The Duke and Duchess of York, from Thursday, July 23, to Saturday, were in Yorkshire, as guests of the Earl and Countess of Feversham at Duncombe Park, Helmsley. They visited the city of York on Friday, were met by the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Harewood, by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of York, and went to see the Exhibition of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, and the Corporation Art Gallery. On the next day their Royal Highnesses were at Halifax, on their way home, and, after receiving an address from the Mayor and Corporation, opened the new Infirmary and the new Market in that town.

The trial in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, by three judges, namely, Lord Chief Justice Russell, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Mr. Justice Hawkins, with a jury, of the six gentlemen, Dr. Jameson and others, officers of the British South Africa Company and the Bechuanaland Police, for an offence under the Foreign Enlistment Act, was continued from Monday, July 20, daily except Saturday, until Tuesday, the 28th, when it resulted in a verdict of guilty against all the defendants. The witnesses called for the Crown prosecution were the same persons who appeared before Sir John Bridge at the Bow Street Police Court, and their evidence was much the same, but was principally confined to the acts of the defendants at Mafeking and at Pitsani Pitlogo, before the expedition crossed the frontier into the Transvaal territory, and their disregard, afterwards, of the official messages that were sent ordering them to desist from their undertaking and to return within British territory. No fresh evidence was brought to prove the actual condition of affairs at Johannesburg, or to verify the allegation implied in a letter received by Dr. Jameson that the inhabitants of that city were in danger of being ill-treated by the Boers.

Sir Edward Clarke, who on Monday, as counsel for Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Colonel H. F. White, and Major R. White, made a speech over two hours long, relied chiefly upon that letter, as showing that Dr. Jameson's intentions were not hostile to the South African Republic, and that he only meant to protect the Uitlanders—men, women, and children—residing at Johannesburg, in case of their being really in danger. This line of defence was followed by Sir Frank Lockwood, as counsel for Major R. Grey and Major Coventry; no witnesses or evidence were produced in support of it; but the jury were invited also to determine, as a question of fact, whether the places where the expedition was prepared were in the Queen's dominions, where the Foreign Enlistment Act had come in force.

On Tuesday morning, the Lord Chief Justice summed up the whole case, saying that in this trial there was no dispute as to the important or essential facts proved by witnesses for the Crown; and with regard to questions of law, whether the Foreign Enlistment Act was in force, without an express local proclamation, and concerning the sovereignty of the Crown in the Bechuana and Barolong territories, the jury must be guided by the judges' decision. The offence charged was that of preparing and fitting out, or assisting, without the Queen's sanction, an armed expedition against a friendly State. If this expedition was intended, by force or show of force, to effect any reforms or changes in the South African Republic's laws or its mode of dealing with its internal affairs, or to assist in overawing and coercing the Government of that Republic, even without seeking to overthrow it entirely, then it was an illegal military expedition, amounting to an act of war against that State, illegally attempted by private persons. The letter which Dr. Jameson got from Johannesburg did not show any sudden call in an emergency to rescue defenceless people exposed to the danger of a massacre. How absurd and mean was such a plea! It expressed political discontent, and the wish to gain a larger share for the Uitlanders in the government of the Transvaal. It might have been intelligible that such an appeal should have been addressed to the representatives of the British Government, but not to Dr. Jameson, the administrator of a trading and exploring company. In conclusion, Lord Russell invited the jury, at their option, either to find a general verdict of guilty or not guilty, or to find answers to certain questions as to whether the defendants, or any and which of them, took part in the military expedition against the South African Republic.

The jury, after retiring for one hour, returned at half-past five o'clock, finding all the defendants guilty, but adding their opinion that there was great provocation from the state of affairs at Johannesburg. Sir Edward Clarke was about to move for a new trial, which the Lord Chief Justice said might be argued before the full Court; but the defendants themselves preferred to accept judgment at once, in view of the opinion expressed by the jury. The Lord Chief Justice then passed sentence of imprisonment,

without hard labour: Dr. Jameson, for fifteen months; Sir J. Willoughby, ten months; Major Robert White, seven months; Colonel H. F. White, Mr. R. Grey, and Major Coventry, three months each. They were taken to Holloway prison.

The Board of Trade inquiry, at Westminster, concerning the loss of the *Drummond Castle* at Ushant, resulted on Monday in a judgment that the ship was not navigated with sufficient care, as there was a neglect to take soundings, and the speed was too high in foggy weather in so dangerous a locality.

There was an open-air meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday, with speakers at twelve platforms, to pass resolutions against warlike armaments, and concerning Labour and Capital. The heavy rain caused it to disperse early.

An International Socialist Congress, with speakers in French, German, and English, has been sitting at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, since Monday, but has been repeatedly disturbed by Anarchist intruders.

No foreign political event of any importance has occurred this week on the continent of Europe. In the United States of America the Democratic party, much divided by the controversy upon the silver question, has



Photo A. P. Monger.

NEW BRONZE STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT BLACKFRIARS.

The Duke of Cambridge on July 21 unveiled the new statue of the Queen, here reproduced, which has been erected at the eastern extremity of the Victoria Embankment. The statue, which is from the design of the late Mr. Birch, has been generously presented to the Corporation of London by Sir Alfred Scale Haslam, formerly Mayor of Derby.

not yet found an acceptable candidate for the Presidential election. Mr. Bryan, however, may possibly be approved by the New York State Convention.

In France, a statue of the late Jules Ferry, one of the veteran Ministers of the Republic, has been unveiled at St. Dié, in the presence of several members of the existing Government; M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, pronounced an oration.

A violent storm at Paris, on Saturday, occasioned several deaths. One man was killed by being blown off the top of an omnibus; a woman was blown into a canal, and drowned; and a balloon, with two aeronauts, was blown down at Meaux, and one of them lost his life.

A disastrous collision took place on July 27 on the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway, at the Delhi Station. The guard and twelve native passengers were killed, and seventeen badly hurt.

Serious conflicts are reported in Macedonia between the Turkish troops and some armed bands of Greeks from Thessaly; at Niausta, it is said, a company of eighty soldiers was defeated, all being killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I took a journey the other evening up to the Parkhurst Theatre at Holloway, where I found a pleasant, well lighted and ventilated hall, and an extremely attentive and intelligent audience devouring their Shakspeare as introduced to them by the clever and energetic son of our gifted Ellen Terry. Mr. Gordon Craig, like a sensible young fellow, is beginning at the bottom of the ladder, and not at the top, as is the case with so many aspirants for dramatic fame. He is evidently of opinion that practice makes perfect, and he intends to work hard in order to obtain that desirable end. He possesses much of his mother's charm of face, voice, and manner, a good share of her artistic nervousness and mobility, and, as far as one can see, considerable originality of thought in arrangement of detail and stage business. The night on which I was present at the Parkhurst, Mr. Gordon Craig was playing Romeo, and no one could accuse him of looking too old for the part. I was told that his Hamlet was a still more remarkable and promising performance. But the Romeo was good enough, and all that the young actor has to do now is to forget that he has been under the strong acting influence of Sir Henry Irving, so much so as to occasionally imitate his style with far too much fidelity. But all this comes of nervousness and over-anxiety, which practice will certainly cure. I was very much struck with several bits of business not at all familiar to me, as, for instance, the exit of Romeo, Juliet, and the Friar through the cloisters on their way to the chapel. This was very pretty and effective. Miss Lucy Wilson, who appeared as Juliet on this occasion, strikes me as being a very promising actress indeed. She is intelligent and in earnest, and speaks her lines with nice balance and elocutionary grace. The young people were helped by such well trained artists as Mr. Howard Russell, Mrs. Edward Saker, and Miss Rose Pelham.

And now I suppose there will be a holiday in stageland for a few weeks to come. All I know is that I want mine badly enough, and shall be content to say "Good-bye!" to the theatre until September comes with the partridges. All our best friends have departed or are on the wing. At last Charles Wyndham has been persuaded to take the long holiday he so much requires, and took farewell of his Criterion friends in one of the prettiest speeches to which I have recently listened. It was delicate, tactful, fanciful, and what is more, to the point. "Rosemary," which has been such a great success, will, of course, be replanted when the popular actor and manager has done with the fresh mountain air of Maloja, which Heaven grant will restore the well-worn nervous system of one of the very best comedians of our time, and most charming of men.

Mr. George Alexander has rushed off to his beloved golf links, and will take holiday until he tours the provinces with "The Prisoner of Zenda," to give the popular play fresh air before it comes back to London again with a comparatively new company, in which will be numbered Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, and Mr. Aubrey Smith.

After a delightful evening composed of various acts of celebrated Lyceum plays of the Forbes-Robertson era, there was yet another farewell and one more managerial speech. It was a treat to see Mr. Forbes-Robertson once more as Buckingham in "Henry VIII.," one of his most beautiful and characteristic Shakspearean performances, and the audience cheered themselves hoarse when their favourite announced that he was likely before long to have a theatre of his own. Mr. Forbes-Robertson goes into the country with the capital play "For the Crown" and other Lyceum successes, but it will be a disappointment to many in the country to hear that Mrs. Patrick Campbell does not travel with the Lyceum company.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has been for so long the popular and artistic partner of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, will soon be busy with his preparations for opening the Haymarket with his friend Mr. Cyril Maude, and no doubt they have a goodly supply of clever plays in which the partners—both actors—and the delightful Miss Winifred Emery will show to advantage. Now that so many new theatres are being built, enlarged and restored, it may be hoped that room may be found for the Shakspearean and classical scheme propounded by the late Sir Augustus Harris, in which Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Kate Rorke were to have had conspicuous places, in such characters as Romeo and Juliet, and Ruy Blas and the Queen.

America will take away from us this autumn Mr. John Hare, who wanted his old friend Miss Kate Rorke to accompany him; Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree will fill up the time until the new Her Majesty's is ready with its patented stage (we have not had one since the days of Fechter at the Lyceum); and Mr. Arthur Bouchier, with his clever wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who, after a short tour in the country and a farewell in London will be off "to the West, to the West, to the land of the free," where already Arthur Bouchier is very popular. But in exchange for these gifted artists we get Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry back again to the Lyceum, both, I trust, restored to health, and better for the change and rest which will fortify them for the fatigues of the splendid revival of Shakspeare's "Cymbeline" in the early autumn. The revival is creating great interest.

The much discussed, often promised, and frequently quoted "Telephone Girl," by Frank Burnand, Arthur Sturges, Sir Augustus Harris, J. M. Glover, and Gaston Serpette—there is a lot of good cooks for you, who have not spoiled the broth—has been produced with great success at the Métropole, Camberwell. Playgoers and lovers of fun will be very glad to see it on this side of the Thames.

Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. Princess Victoria of Wales.

The Princess of Wales.

The King of Denmark.

Prince Waldemar of Denmark.



Princess Maud of Wales. Princess Olga of Cumberland.

The King of Greece.

Prince Ernest of Cumberland.

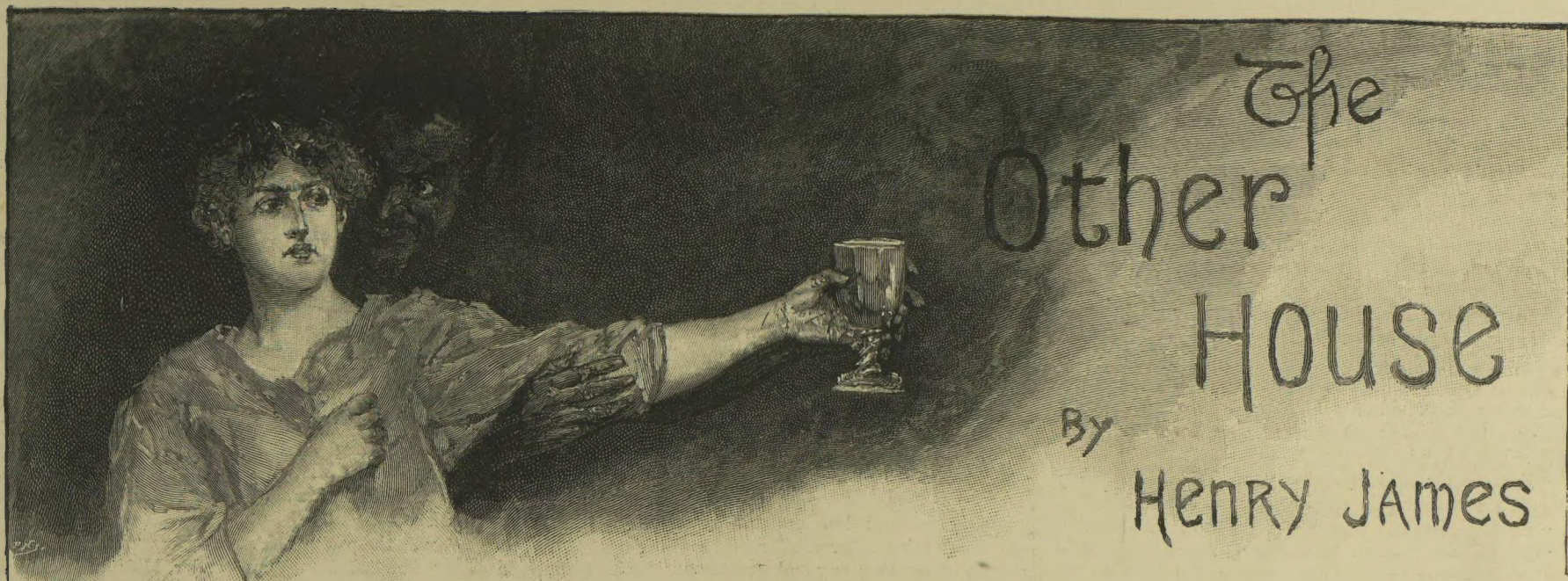
The Duchess of Cumberland.

The Queen of Denmark.

Prince Christian of Cumberland.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK: A ROYAL GROUP AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN.

From a Photograph by Mary Steen.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

BOOK SECOND.

XIII.

It continued to be, for the lady of Eastmead, as the years went on, a sustaining reflection that if in the matter of upholstery she yielded somewhat stiffly to the other house, so the other house was put out of all countenance by the mere breath of her garden. Tony could beat her indoors at every point; but when she took her stand on her lawn she could defy not only Bounds but Wilverley. Her stand, and still more her seat, in the summer days, was frequent there, as we easily gather from the fortified position in which we next encounter her. From May to October she was out, as she said, at grass, drawing from it most of the time a comfortable sense that on such ground as this her young friend's love of newness broke down. He might make his dinner-service as new as he liked; she triumphed precisely in the fact that her trees and her shrubs were old. He could hang nothing on his walls like her creepers and clusters; there was no velvet in his carpets like the velvet of her turf. She had everything, or almost everything—she had space and time and the river. No one at Wilverley had the river as she had it; people might say of course there was little of it to have, but of whatever there was she was in intimate possession. It skirted her grounds and improved her property and amused her guests; she always held that her free access made up for being, as people said, on the wrong side of it. If she had not been on the wrong side she would not have had the little stone foot-bridge which was her special pride and the very making of her picture, and which she had heard compared—she had an off-hand way of bringing it in—to a similar feature of one of the celebrated "backs" at Cambridge. The other side was the side of the other house, the side for the view—the view as to which she entertained the merely qualified respect excited in us, after the first creative flush, by mysteries of our own making. Mrs. Beever herself formed the view, and the other house was welcome to it, especially to those parts of it enjoyed through the rare gaps in an interposing leafy lane. Tony had a gate which he called his river-gate, but you didn't so much as suspect the stream till you got well out of it. He had, on his further quarter, a closer contact with the town; but this was just what she had, on both quarters, with the country. Her approach to the town was by the "long way" and the big bridge, and by going on, as she liked to do, past the Doctor's square red house. She hated stopping there, hated it as much as she liked his stopping at Eastmead; in the former case she seemed to consult him and in the latter to advise, which was the exercise of her wisdom that she decidedly preferred. Such degrees and dimensions, I hasten to add, had to do, altogether, with short relations and small things; but it was just the good lady's reduced scale that held her little world together. So true is it that from strong compression the elements of drama spring, and that there are conditions in which they seem to invite not so much the opera-glass as the microscope.

Never, perhaps, at any rate, had Mrs. Beever been more conscious of her advantages, or at least more surrounded with her conveniences, than on a beautiful afternoon of June on which we are again concerned with her. These blessings were partly embodied in the paraphernalia of tea, which had cropped up, with promptness and profusion,

in a sheltered corner of the lawn, and in the midst of which, waiting for custom, she might have been in charge of a refreshment-stall at a fair. Everything at the other house struck her as later and later, and she only regretted that, as the protest of her

own tradition, she couldn't move in the opposite direction without also moving from the hour. She waited for it now, at any rate, in the presence of a large red rug and a large white tablecloth, as well as of sundry basket-chairs and of a hammock that swayed in the soft west wind; and



"Guess whom I've just overtaken on your doorstep."

she had meanwhile been occupied with a collection of parcels and pasteboard boxes that were heaped together on a bench. Of one of these parcels, enveloped in several layers of tissue-paper, she had just possessed herself, and, seated near her tea-table, was on the point of uncovering it. She became aware, at this instant, of being approached from behind; on which, looking over her shoulder and seeing Doctor Ramage, she immediately stayed her hands. These friends, in a long acquaintance, had dropped by the way so many preliminaries that absence, in their intercourse, was a mere parenthesis and conversation in general, scarce began with a capital. But on this occasion the Doctor was floated to a seat not, as usual, on the bosom of the previous.

"Guess whom I've just overtaken on your doorstep. The young man you befriended four years ago—Mr. Vidal, Miss Armiger's flame!"

Mrs. Beever fell back in her surprise; it was rare for Mrs. Beever to fall back. "He has turned up again!" Her eyes had already asked more than her friend could tell. "For what in the world—"

"For the pleasure of seeing you. He has evidently retained a very grateful sense of what you did for him."

"I did nothing, my dear man—I had to let it alone."

"Tony's condition—of course I remember—again required you: you were immediately called back to the other house. But you gave him a shelter," said the Doctor, "that wretched day and that night, and he felt (it was evidently much to him) that, in his rupture with his young woman, you had the right instinct of the matter and were somehow on his side."

"I put him up for a few hours—I saved him, in time, the embarrassment of finding himself in a house of death. But he took himself off the next morning early—bidding me good-bye only in a quiet little note."

"A quiet little note which I remember you afterwards showed me, and which was a model of discretion and good taste. It seems to me," the Doctor went on, "that he doesn't violate those virtues in considering that you've given him the right to reappear."

"At the very time, and the only time, in so long a period, that this young woman, as you call her, happens also to be again in the field?"

"That's a coincidence," the Doctor replied, "far too singular for Mr. Vidal to have had any forecast of it."

"You didn't then tell him?"

"I told him nothing save that you were probably just where I find you, and that, as Manning is busy with her tea-things, I would come straight out for him and announce to you that he's there."

Mrs. Beever's sense of complications evidently increased as she thought. "By 'there' do you mean on the doorstep?"

"Far from it. In the safest place in the world—at least when you're not in it."

"In my own room?" Mrs. Beever asked.

"In that austere monument to Domestic Method which you're sometimes pleased to call your boudoir. I took upon myself to show him into it and to close the door on him there. I reflected that you'd perhaps like to see him before anyone else."

Mrs. Beever looked at her visitor with appreciation. "You dear sharp thing!"

"Unless, indeed," the Doctor added, "they have, in so many years, already met."

"She told me only yesterday they haven't."

"I see. However, as I believe you consider that she never speaks the truth, that doesn't particularly count."

"I hold, on the contrary, that a lie counts double," Mrs. Beever replied with decision.

Doctor Ramage laughed. "Then why have you never in your life told one? I haven't even yet quite made out," he pursued, "why—especially with Miss Jean here—you asked Miss Armiger down."

"I asked her for Tony."

"Because he suggested it? Yes, I know that."

"I mean it," said Mrs. Beever, "in a sense I think you don't know." She looked at him a moment; but either her profundity or his caution were too great, and he waited for her to commit herself further. That was a thing she could always do rapidly without doing it recklessly. "I asked her exactly on account of Jean."

The Doctor meditated, but this seemed to deepen her depth. "I give it up. You've mostly struck me as so afraid of every other girl Paul looks at."

Mrs. Beever's face was grave. "Yes, I have been; but I'm not so afraid of them as of those at whom Tony looks."

Her interlocutor stared. "He's looking at Jean?"

Mrs. Beever was silent a little. "Not for the first time!"

Her visitor also hesitated. "And you think Miss Armiger—"

Mrs. Beever took him up. "Miss Armiger's better for him—since he must have somebody!"

"You consider she'd marry him?"

"She's insanely in love with him."

The Doctor tilted up his chin; he uttered an expressive "Euh!—She is indeed, poor thing!" he said. "Since you frankly mention it, I as frankly agree with you, that I've never seen anything like it. But if Tony isn't crazy too?"

"It's a kind of craze that's catching. He must think of somebody or other," said Mrs. Beever.

"I don't know what you mean by 'thinking!' Do you imply that the dear man, on what we know—?" The Doctor couldn't phrase it.

His friend had greater courage. "Would break his vow and marry again?" She turned it over; but at last she brought out: "Never in the world."

"Then how does the chance of his thinking of Rose help her?"

"I don't say it helps her. I simply say it helps me."

Doctor Ramage was still mystified. "But if they can't marry—?"

"I don't care whether they marry or not!"

She faced him with the bravery of this, and he broke into a happy laugh. "I don't know whether most to admire your imagination or your morality."

"I protect my girl," she serenely declared.

Doctor Ramage made his choice. "Oh, your morality!"

"In doing so," she went on, "I also protect my boy. That's the highest morality I know. I'll see Mr. Vidal out here," she added.

"So as to get rid of him easier?"

"My getting rid of him will depend on what he wants. He must take, after all," Mrs. Beever continued, "his chance of meeting any embarrassment. If he plumps in without feeling his way—"

"It's his own affair—I see," the Doctor said. What he saw was that his friend's diplomacy had suffered a slight disturbance. Mr. Vidal was a new element in her reckoning; for if, of old, she had liked and pitied him, he had since dropped out of her problem. Her companion, who timed his pleasures to the minute, indulged in one of his frequent glances at his watch. "I'll put it then to the young man—more gracefully than you do—that you'll receive him in this place."

"I shall be much obliged to you."

"But before I go," Doctor Ramage inquired, "where are all our friends?"

"I haven't the least idea. The only ones I count on are Effie and Jean."

The Doctor made a motion of remembrance. "To be sure—it's their birthday: that fellow put it out of my head! The child's to come over to you to tea, and just what I stopped for—"

"Was to see if I had got your doll?" Mrs. Beever interrupted him by holding up the muffled parcel in her lap. She pulled away the papers. "Allow me to introduce the young lady."

The young lady was sumptuous and ample; he took her in his hands with reverence. "She's splendid—she's positively human! I feel like a Turkish pasha investing in a beautiful Circassian. I feel, too," the Doctor went on, "how right I was to depend, in the absence of Mrs. Ramage, on your infallible taste." Then restoring the massive puppet: "Kindly mention how much I owe you."

"Pay at the shop," said Mrs. Beever. "They 'trusted' me."

"With the same sense of security that I had!" The Doctor got up. "Please then present the object with my love and a kiss."

"You can't come back to give it yourself?"

"What do I ever give 'myself,' dear lady, but medicine?"

"Very good," said Mrs. Beever; "the presentation shall be formal. But I ought to warn you that your beautiful Circassian will have been no less than the fourth." She glanced at the parcels on the bench. "I mean the fourth doll the child's to receive to-day."

The Doctor followed the direction of her eyes. "It's a regular slave-market—a perfect harem!"

"We've each of us given her one. Each, that is, except Rose."

"And what has Rose given her?"

"Nothing at all."

The Doctor thought a moment. "Doesn't she like her?"

"She seems to wish it to be marked that she has nothing to do with her."

Again Doctor Ramage reflected. "I see—that's very clever."

Mrs. Beever, from her chair, looked up at him. "What do you mean by 'clever'?"

"I'll tell you some other time." He still stood before the bench. "There are no gifts for poor Jean?"

"Oh, Jean has had most of hers."

"But nothing from me." The Doctor had but just thought of her; he turned sadly away. "I'm quite ashamed!"

"You needn't be," said Mrs. Beever. "She has also had nothing from Tony."

He seemed struck. "Indeed? On Miss Armiger's system?" His friend remained silent, and he went on: "That of wishing it to be marked that he has nothing to do with her?"

Mrs. Beever, for a minute, continued not to reply; but at last she exclaimed: "He doesn't calculate!"

"That's bad—for a banker!" Doctor Ramage laughed.

"What then has she had from Paul?"

"Nothing either—as yet. That's to come this evening."

"And what's it to be?"

Mrs. Beever hesitated. "I haven't an idea."

"Ah, you can fib!" joked her visitor, taking leave.

XIV.

He crossed on his way to the house a tall parlourmaid, who had just quitted it with a tray, which, a moment later, she deposited on the table near her mistress. Tony Bream was accustomed to say that since Frederick the Great's grenadiers there had never been anything like the Queen-mother's parlourmaids, who indeed on field-days might, in stature, uniform, and precision of exercise, have affronted comparison with that formidable phalanx. They were at once more athletic and more reserved than Tony liked to see their sex, and he was always sure that the extreme length of their frocks was determined by that of their feet. The young woman, at any rate, who now presented herself, a young woman with a large nose and a straight back, stiff cap-streamers, stiffer petticoats and stiffest manners, was plainly the corporal of her squad. There was a murmur and a twitter all around her; but she rustled about the tea-table to a tune that quenched the voice of summer. It left undisturbed, however, for awhile, Mrs. Beever's meditations; that lady was thoughtfully occupied in wrapping up Doctor Ramage's doll. "Do you know, Manning, what has become of Miss Armiger?" she at last inquired.

"She went, Ma'am, near an hour ago, to the pastry-cook's."

"To the pastrycook's?"

"She had heard you wonder, Ma'am, she told me, that the young ladies' birthday-cake hadn't yet arrived."

"And she thought she'd see about it? Uncommonly good of her!" Mrs. Beever exclaimed.

"Yes, Ma'am, uncommonly good."

"Has it arrived, then, now?"

"Not yet, Ma'am."

"And Miss Armiger hasn't returned?"

"I think not, Ma'am."

Mrs. Beever considered again. "Perhaps she's waiting to bring it."

Manning indulged in a proportionate pause. "Perhaps, Ma'am—in a fly. And when it comes, Ma'am, shall I fetch it out?"

"In a fly too? I'm afraid," said Mrs. Beever, "that with such an incubation it will really require one." After a moment she added, "I'll go in and look at it first." And then, as her attendant was about to rustle away, she further detained her. "Mr. Bream hasn't been over?"

"Not yet, Ma'am."

Mrs. Beever consulted her watch. "Then he's still at the Bank."

"He must be indeed, Ma'am."

Tony's colleague appeared for a little to ponder this prompt concurrence; after which she said, "You haven't seen Miss Jean?"

Manning bethought herself. "I believe, Ma'am, Miss Jean is dressing."

"Oh, in honour—?" But Mrs. Beever's idea dropped before she finished her sentence.

Manning ventured to take it up. "In honour of her birthday, Ma'am."

"I see—of course. And do you happen to have heard if that's what also detains Miss Effie—that she's dressing in honour of hers?"

Manning hesitated. "I heard, Ma'am, this morning that Miss Effie had a slight cold."

Her mistress looked surprised. "But not such as to keep her at home?"

"They were taking extra care of her, Ma'am—so that she might be all right for coming."

Mrs. Beever was not pleased. "Extra care? Then why didn't they send for the doctor?"

Again Manning hesitated. "They sent for Miss Jean, Ma'am."

"To come and look after her?"

"They often do, Ma'am, you know. This morning I took in the message."

"And Miss Jean obeyed it?"

"She was there an hour, Ma'am."

Mrs. Beever administered a more than approving pat to the final envelope of her doll. "She said nothing about it."

Again Manning concurred. "Nothing, Ma'am." The word sounded six feet high, like the figure she presented. She waited a moment, and then, as if to close with as sharp a snap the last open door to the desirable, "Mr. Paul, Ma'am," she observed, "if you were wanting to know, is out in his boat on the river."

Mrs. Beever pitched her parcel back to the bench. "Mr. Paul is never anywhere else!"

"Never, Ma'am," said Manning inexorably. She turned the next instant to challenge the stranger who had come down from the house. "A gentleman, Ma'am," she announced; and, retiring while Mrs. Beever rose to meet the visitor, she drew, with the noise of a lawn-mower, a starched tail along the grass.

Dennis Vidal, with his hat off, showed his hostess a head over which not a year seemed to have passed. He had still his young, sharp, meagre look, and it came to her that the other time as well he had been dressed in double-breasted blue of a cut that made him sailorly. It was only on a longer view that she saw his special signs to be each a trifle intensified. He was browner, leaner, harder, finer; he even struck her as more wanting in height. These facts, however, didn't prevent another fact from striking her still more: what was most distinct in his face was that he was really glad to take her by the hand. That had

an instant effect on her: she could glow with pleasure, modest matron as she was, at such an intimation of her having, so many years before, in a few hours, made on a clever young man she liked an impression that could thus abide with him. In the quick light of it she liked him afresh; it was as if their friendship put down on the spot a firm foot that was the result of a single stride across the chasm of time. In this, indeed, to her clear sense there was even something more to pity him for: it was such a dreary little picture of his interval, such an implication of what it had lacked, that there had been so much room in it for an ugly old woman at Wilverley. She motioned him to sit down with her, but she immediately remarked that before she asked him a question she had an important fact to make known. She had delayed too long, while he waited there, to let him understand that Rose Armiger was at Eastmead. She instantly saw, at this, that he had come in complete ignorance. The range of alarm, in his face, was narrow; but he coloured, looking grave; and after a brief debate with himself he inquired as to Miss Armiger's actual whereabouts.

"She has gone out, but she may reappear at any moment," said Mrs. Beever.

"And if she does will she come out here?"

"I've an impression she'll change her dress first. That may take her a little time."

"Then I'm free to sit with you ten minutes?"

"As long as you like, dear Mr. Vidal. It's for you to choose whether you'll avoid her."

"I dislike dodging—I dislike hiding," Dennis returned; "but I daresay that if I had known where she was I wouldn't have come."

"I feel hatefully rude—but you took a leap in the dark. The absurd part of it," Mrs. Beever went on, "is that you've stumbled on her very first visit to me."

The young man showed a surprise which gave her the measure of his need of illumination. "For these four years?"

"For these four years. It's the only time she has been at Eastmead."

Dennis hesitated. "And how often has she been at the other house?"

Mrs. Beever smiled. "Not even once." Then as her smile broadened to a small, dry laugh, "I can quite say *that* for her!" she declared.

Dennis looked at her hard. "To your certain knowledge?"

"To my certain and absolute knowledge." This mutual candour continued, and presently she said, "But *you*—where do you come from?"

"From far away—I've been out of England. After my visit here I went back to my post."

"And now you've returned with your fortune?"

He gave her a smile from which the friendliness took something of the bitter quality. "Call it my *misfortune*!" There was nothing in this to deprive Mrs. Beever of the pleasant play of a professional sense that he had probably gathered an independence that would have made him welcome at the Bank. On the other hand, she caught the note of a tired grimness in the way he added, "I've come back with *that*. It sticks to me!"

She spared him a minute. "You want her as much as ever?"

His eyes confessed to a full, and, indeed, to a sore, acceptance of that expression of the degree. "I want her as much as ever. It's my constitutional obstinacy!"

"Which her treatment of you has done nothing to break down?"

"To break down? It has done everything in life to build it up."

"In spite of the particular circumstance——?" At this point even Mrs. Beever's directness failed.

That of her visitor, however, was equal to the occasion. "The particular circumstance of her chucking me because of the sudden glimpse given her by Mrs. Bream's danger of the possibility of a far better match?" He gave a laugh drier than her own had just been, the ring of an irony from which long, hard thought had pressed all the savour. "That 'particular circumstance,' dear Madam, is every bit that's the matter with me!"

"You regard it with extraordinary coolness, but I presumed to allude to it——"

"Because," Dennis broke in with lucidity, "I myself made no bones of doing so on the only other occasion on which we've met."

"The fact that we both equally saw, that we both equally judged," said Mrs. Beever, "was on that occasion really the only thing that had time to pass between us. It's a tie, but it's a slender one, and I'm all the more flattered that it should have had any force to make you care to see me again."

"It never ceased to be my purpose to see you, if you would permit it, on the first opportunity. My opportunity,"

the young man continued, "has been precipitated by an accident. I returned to England only last week, and was obliged two days ago to come on business to Southampton. There I found I should have to go, on the same matter, to Marrington. It then appeared that to get to Marrington I must change at Plumbury——"

"And Plumbury," said Mrs. Beever, "reminded you that you changed there, that it was from there you drove, on that horrible Sunday."

"It brought my opportunity home to me. Without wiring you or writing you, without sounding the ground or doing anything I ought to have done, I simply embraced it. I reached this place an hour ago, and went to the inn."

She looked at him wofully. "Poor dear young man!"

He turned it off. "I do very well. Remember the places I've come from."

"I don't care in the least where you've come from! If Rose weren't here I could put you up so beautifully."

"Well, now that I know it," said Dennis after a moment, "I think I'm glad she's here. It's a fact the more to reckon with."

"You mean to see her then?"

He sat with his eyes fixed, turning it over. "You must tell me two or three things first. Then I'll choose—I'll decide."

She waited for him to mention his requirements, turning to her teapot, which had been drawing, so that she could



He was really glad to take her by the hand.

meanwhile hand him a cup. But for some minutes, taking it and stirring it, he only gazed and mused, as if his curiosities were so numerous that he scarcely knew which to pick out. Mrs. Beever at last, with a woman's sense for this, met him exactly at the right point. "I must tell you frankly that if four years ago she was a girl most people admired——"

He caught straight on. "She's still more wonderful now?"

Mrs. Beever distinguished. "I don't know about 'wonderful'; but she wears really well. She carries the years almost as you do, and her head better than any young woman I've ever seen. Life is somehow becoming to her. Every one's immensely struck with her. She only needs to get what she wants. She has in short a charm that I recognise."

Her visitor stared at her words as if they had been a framed picture; the reflected colour of it made a light in his face. "And you speak as one who, I remember, doesn't like her."

The lady of Eastmead faltered, but there was help in her characteristic courage. "No—I don't like her."

"I see," Dennis considered. "May I ask then why you invited her?"

"For the most definite reason in the world. Mr. Bream asked me to."

Dennis gave his hard smile. "Do you do everything Mr. Bream asks?"

"He asks so little!"

"Yes," Dennis allowed—"if that's a specimen! Does he like her still?" he inquired.

"Just as much as ever."

The young man was silent a little. "Do you mean he's in love with her?"

"He never was—in any degree."

Dennis looked doubtful. "Are you very sure?"

"Well," said his hostess, "I'm sure of the present. That's quite enough. He's not in love with her now—I have the proof."

"The proof?"

Mrs. Beever waited a moment. "His request in itself. If he were in love with her he never would have made it."

There was a momentary appearance on her companion's part of thinking this rather too fine; but he presently said: "You mean because he's completely held by his deathbed vow to his wife?"

"Completely held."

"There's no likelihood of his breaking it?"

"Not the slightest."

Dennis Vidal exhaled a low, long breath which evidently represented a certain sort of relief. You're very positive; but I've a great respect for your judgment." He thought an instant, then he pursued abruptly, "Why did he wish her invited?"

"For reasons that, as he expressed them to me, struck me as natural enough. For the sake of old acquaintance—for the sake of his wife's memory."

"He doesn't consider, then, that Mrs. Bream's obsession, as you term it, had been in any degree an apprehension of Rose?"

"Why should he?" Mrs. Beever asked.

"Rose, for poor Julia, was on the point of becoming *your* wife."

"Ah! for all *that* was to prevent!"

Dennis ruefully exclaimed.

"It was to prevent little enough, but Julia never knew how little. Tony asked me a month ago if I thought he might without awkwardness propose to Miss Armiger a visit to the other house. I said, 'No, silly boy!' and he dropped the question; but a week later he came back to it. He confided to me that he was ashamed, for so long, to have done so little for her; and she had behaved, in a difficult situation, with such discretion and delicacy that to have 'shunted' her, as he said, so completely was a kind of outrage to Julia's affection for her, and a slur upon hers for his wife. I said to him that if it would help him a bit I would address her a suggestion that she should honour *me* with her company. He jumped at that, and I wrote. *She* then jumped—and here she is."

Poor Dennis at this gave a spring, as if the young lady had come into sight. Mrs. Beever reassured him, but he was on his feet and he stood before her. "This, then, is their first meeting?"

"Dear, no! they've met in London. He often goes up."

"How often?"

"Oh, irregularly. Sometimes twice a month."

"And he sees her every time?"

Mrs. Beever considered. "Every time? I should think—hardly."

"Then every other?"

"I haven't the least idea."

Dennis looked round the garden. "You say you're convinced that—in the face of

his promise—he has no particular interest in her. You mean, however, of course, but to the extent of marriage."

"I mean," said Mrs. Beever, "to the extent of anything at all." She also rose; she brought out her whole story. "He's in love with another person."

"Ah," Dennis murmured, "that's none of my business!" He nevertheless closed his eyes an instant with the cool balm of it. "But it makes a lot of difference."

She laid a kind hand on his arm. "Such a lot, I hope, then, that you'll join our little party?" He looked about him again, irresolute, and his eyes fell on the packages gathered hard by, of which the nature was betrayed by a glimpse of flaxen curls and waxen legs. She immediately enlightened him. "Preparations for a birthday visit from the little girl at the other house. She's coming over to receive them."

Again he dropped upon a seat: she stood there and he looked up at her. "At last we've got to business! It's *she* I've come to ask about."

"And what do you wish to ask?"

"How she goes on—I mean in health."

"Not very well, I believe, just to-day!" Mrs. Beever laughed.

"Just to-day?"

"She's reported to have a slight cold. But don't be alarmed. In general she's splendid."

He hesitated. "Then you call it a good little life?"

"I call it a beautiful one!"

"I mean she won't pop off?"

"I can't guarantee that," said Mrs. Beever. "But till she does——"

"Till she does?" he asked as she paused.

She paused a moment longer. "Well—it's a comfort to see her. You'll do that for yourself."

"I shall do that for myself," Dennis repeated. After a moment he went on: "To be utterly frank, it was to do it I came."

"And not to see me? Thank you! But I quite understand," said Mrs. Beever; "you looked to me to introduce you. Sit still where you are, and I will."

"There's one thing more I must ask you. You see; you know; you can tell me." He complied but a minute with her injunction; again, nervously, he was on his feet. "Is Miss Armiger in love with Mr. Bream?"

His hostess turned away. "That's the one question I can't answer." Then she faced him again. "You must find out for yourself."

He stood looking at her. "How shall I find out?"

"By watching her."

"Oh, I didn't come to do that!" Dennis, on his side, turned away; he was visibly dissatisfied. But he checked himself; before him rose a young man in boating flannels, who appeared to have come up from the river, who had advanced noiselessly across the lawn, and whom Mrs. Beever introduced, without ceremony, as her "boy." Her boy blinked at Dennis, to whose identity he received no clue; and her visitor decided on a course. "May I think over what you've said to me and come back?"

"I shall be very happy to see you again. But—in this poor place—what will you do?"

Dennis glanced at the river, then he appealed to the young man. "Will you lend me your boat?"

"It's mine," said Mrs. Beever with decision. "You're welcome to it."

"I'll take a little turn." Raising his hat, Dennis went rapidly down to the stream.

Paul Beever looked after him. "Hadn't I better show him—?" he asked of his mother.

"You had better sit right down there." She pointed with sharpness to the chair Dennis had quitted, and her son submissively took possession of it.

(To be continued.)

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The bruised worm will turn, and even Mr. Gladstone at last has remonstrated with people who send him "presentation copies" of their books. Mr. Gladstone has, like most sufferers, himself to blame. His urbanity and kindness have often induced him to praise the "presentation copies" which darken the air round Hawarden. The authors, or their booksellers, have promptly published Mr. Gladstone's letter, or part of it, and his opinions have been of service to writers.

If Mr. Gladstone from the beginning had imitated Old Brer Rabbit, and "kept on a-saying nothing," he would still have been the mark of authors, but not to the present odious extent. Though an inconspicuous citizen, I (like

cast, around me I behold the poets of the recent past, arrayed in green and gold, the scribblers never meant to last, whose trash cannot be sold.

Speaking with all the solemnity of the confessional, I may say that I have not deserved these sorrows by sins of

Tortured by endless letters, he answered mildly, but nothing would wring from him the desired confession, that his correspondent was at least "as good as Mr. Austin Dobson." The worst of snubbing people, especially poets, is that they often degenerate into critics (*corruptio optimi pessima*) and turn again and rend you. Still, perhaps, it is worth



"FOUR A.M."—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.

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my own in the past. I do not remember, in twenty years of authorship, having inflicted a presentation copy on a British genius with whom I was not acquainted personally, except, perhaps, once. Even in that case I think I knew the eminent person, but he never took any notice of the importunate gift. Once I plagued a great foreign scholar (whom I knew) with a book on his own topic, wherein he was applauded. But he didn't take any notice either. Once I intruded on the stately repose of Mr. M—w A—d, and he preserved his "deep unwavering calm disdain," like the lady in his own poem. To be sure one would have been rather vexed if he had not remained constant to his glorious practice of conferring all presentation copies on the club porter. But, once, long, long ago, somebody sent a presentation copy of something of mine to Mr. Gladstone.

while to risk this revenge. One could not turn again and rend Mr. Matthew Arnold. In literary biographies one occasionally reads of friendships which took their rise in a presentation copy, but, if young authors will do as they would be done by, they will not "tempt Providence" in this manner.

Someone has circulated a legend to the effect that three successful novelists are busy on Lives of Our Lord! About one of them I am convinced that the myth is an old wife's tale; about another I entertain a similar opinion; about the third the rumour is an obvious exaggeration; and I do hope that a fourth, in America, is not really going to add to the iniquity by giving coloured illustrations! The race of Iapetus, *audax omnia perpeti*, might stop short of chromolithographs. Biblical novels are bad enough "plain"; "coloured" they would deserve the stake. One I well remember about the amours of Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot; Mary's eyes were of the hue of tortoiseshell. M. Anatole France has taken a curious liberty with Pontius Pilate, and an English lady, I believe, with Barabbas. A Biblical novel was once contemplated which seemed full of matter. The heroine, of Hebrew extraction, was put up for sale in the Babylonian Marriage Market and bought in, after a spirited competition, by the family. Auctions are always exciting in novels: there is a good one in "The Wreckers," and another in "Le Crime de l'Opéra." The heroine, later, was at the fight at Thermopylæ. This would have been an exception, perhaps, to the general offensiveness of Biblical novels. There is nothing about the Immortals of Thermopylæ in Holy Writ, nor about the Babylonian custom described by Herodotus, truly or falsely.

A writer in the *Bookman* refers to Hogg's story about Sir Walter Scott's wife's origin. Hogg repeated a tale which Lockhart, in a later edition, took the trouble formally to contradict. The spiteful snobs of the period insisted that Sir Walter was pleased to marry a lady of noble birth, with a sinister baton in her shield. This is what Lockhart denied. Probably few have read the articles on Scott in the old *Tait's Magazine*. They are full of sickening spite, political and personal, echoing the forgotten tattle of Edinburgh Whiggery in its lower circles.

Can any reader of French Memoirs of 1740-60 tell me who "Mademoiselle Luci" was? She was a lady of rank, the sister of another unnamed lady who protected Prince Charles when exiled in 1748-56. Both were friends of Montesquieu, which seems to point to the Duchesse d'Aiguillon (*née* Florensac). But had the Duchesse a sister? My suspicions turned on Madame de Vassé, but this lady was *fille unique* of her father, unless, indeed, he married twice, of which I have no information. Mademoiselle Luci is an interesting girl for several reasons, and any suggestion will be gratefully received.



"SUMER IS ICUMEN IN, LHUDE SING CUCCU."—C. E. HALLÉ.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.

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all penmen) endure tribulation from poets, and even from "prosaists." These artless innocents hope to "noble the press," and secure a favourable review by the bribe of a presentation copy. They only provoke wrath, for their books must be got rid of somehow. Generally they fall into the waste-paper basket; no man knoweth their doom unless it be the dustman. "He knows, he knows." But hundreds of copies, not instantly cast out, remain, littering a man's shelves. Where'er these casual eyes are

Now this illustrates the cause of his sorrows, for he replied in a letter which (if published) would have sold several copies of a poem, even, which, I am sorry to say, the work in question was. Mr. Browning was very good (or reckless) in answering poets kindly, and used to tell a diverting tale of his sufferings from a bard. "I do not call myself a Swinburne or a Morris," wrote this poet, "but I do think I am as good as Mr. Austin Dobson." Mr. Browning could not be induced to agree in this modest self-criticism.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

From Sketches at Suarda by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



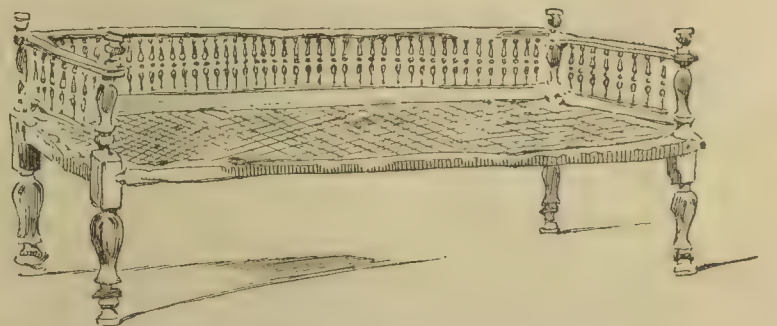
HOUSE OF THE EMIR HAMMUDA AT SUARDA, NOW OCCUPIED BY COLONEL BURN-MURDOCH.



REFUGEES WHO REFUSED TO FOLLOW THE DERVISHES IN THEIR RETREAT TOWARDS DONGOLA.



OUTSIDE SUARDA.



WOODEN COUCH, WITH SEAT OF UNTANNED LEATHER, FOUND IN HAMMUDA'S HOUSE.



EXPLORING THE INTERIOR OF THE EMIR HAMMUDA'S HOUSE.



DOORWAY OF HAMMUDA'S HOUSE.

LITERATURE.

Richelieu's is a famous name, but, as the great Duke of Marlborough confessed that his knowledge of English history was derived from Shakspeare's plays, so many English readers may admit that their knowledge of Richelieu is mainly derived from Bulwer Lytton's stirring drama. Although, of course, his play was written chiefly with an eye to stage effect, and he committed the anachronism of making Richelieu, who died in 1642, speak of Cromwell as a "great man" when he could not have been more than an undistinguished captain in the Parliamentary Army, yet the first Lord Lytton had studied with some care the story of Richelieu and his times, and his conception of Richelieu's character is in the main correct. English readers with a taste for history will have no excuse for ignorance of the great Cardinal's career as well as character now that Messrs. Macmillan have initiated a new and promising enterprise, a series of monographs of "Foreign Statesmen" with "*Richelieu*, by Richard Lodge, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Glasgow, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford." In a volume of little more than two hundred pages Professor Lodge has given an ample as well as a clear and careful biography of Richelieu, which necessarily involves the history both of France and of the chief Continental States during his time. Perhaps, however, Professor Lodge presupposes in his readers more knowledge than most of them possess, and it might have been well if he had sketched the internal condition of France, and, above all, its relations with Austria, Spain, and Italy, at the time when Richelieu became prominent as a statesman. And full of detail though his narrative be, there are two episodes in Richelieu's career—one relating to England, the other to France—on which fuller information was desirable. Professor Lodge says tantalisingly little of the encouragement given by Richelieu both to the Scottish Presbyterians and to the English Parliamentary leaders in their opposition—which in each case became an armed struggle—to Charles I. Then, again, while Professor Lodge rightly speaks of the importance of Richelieu's acquisition of Alsace for France, his account of the manoeuvre by which it was effected, and, indeed, the whole story of the acquisition, is rather perfunctorily told, considering the part which the restoration of Alsace to Germany has played, and is likely to play, in contemporary history. But where so much has been excellently done, it is ungracious to lay stress on the little that has been left undone. It seems worth while to add that there is a good deal of interesting matter relating, not quite so much to the great Cardinal as to his only less famous political and ecclesiastical coadjutor, in an article on "Richelieu and Father Joseph," contributed to the current number of the *Quarterly Review* and founded on a recent French work not mentioned in the list of authorities consulted, which is usefully appended to Professor Lodge's little volume.

We must confess to some disappointment with Mr. Andrew Lang's disjointed introduction to *The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns* (Methuen and Co.), though, perhaps, the real wonder is how that hundred-handed writer can do such justice to the immense amount of work imposed upon him by his popularity. Yet surely he might have spared a little more time and pains to Robert Burns than such scamped and scurrying writing as this could have cost him: "He acquired Balmerino's dirk, and took pleasure in the interesting relic (1794). He showed all the interest and took all the pains that were to be expected as to the education of his children. But early in 1795 he was already complaining that he felt like an old man. In the January of 1796 he caught a rheumatic fever, his strength was broken, his robust figure emaciated; a holiday by the Solway failed to restore him, poverty pressed him hard, a tradesman brought a suit against him for a small debt, his wife was about to give birth to a child, and so, in distress and confusion, Burns died at home, attended by a girl, Miss Lewars, who had nursed him in his months of decline." In the inevitable moralising on Burns's life, Mr. Lang, we are glad to see, pours due scorn on the imbecile suggestion of Carlyle that, if Burns had gone to a University, "he might have come forth a regular well-trained intellectual workman and changed the whole course of British literature." But surely in refuting this Philistine suggestion Mr. Lang goes too far by contending that no change in his circumstances would have bettered Burns's work. "A man's work, after all," he says, "is what he could do, and had to do," as though a poet, like a thrush, will sing precisely the same song in whatever nest or grove he is reared, and in whatever state of freedom or of confinement he is kept! The notes in this fine edition are as full, clear, and accurate as the most fervent admirer of the poet could desire.

A well-told story of Australian life is *A Castaway of the Barrier*, by Mr. David J. Falk (T. Fisher Unwin). The scene is laid on a lonely headland fronting the Great Barrier Reef of the Queensland coast. The heroine, a motherless girl, lives in a cottage with a rough father and a rougher brother, who are digging for gold some miles off, and who leave her very much to her own devices. She is a Miranda of humble life waiting for a Ferdinand. Rowing herself one fine spring morning across to the desolate Barrier, she finds, lying at the bottom of a stranded boat, the castaway who gives a title to the story. He is nearly dead with hunger and thirst. She relieves him, and rows him back to her home. The father and brother receive him sulkily and suspiciously, but, in consideration of his exhausted state, they do not turn him out of doors. He passes himself off as an Englishman, and tells a plausible story to account for his plight. In reality he is a Frenchman, and has escaped with two other French convicts from Noumea; though how it is that he speaks English perfectly and without the slightest foreign accent Mr. Falk has omitted to explain. He is good-looking and plausible, and really falls in love with the beautiful girl, who fancies that she has found in him the hero of her maiden dreams. But the police are on his track, and he has to fly from the cottage. He promises to return, and extorts from her a reluctant assent to his proposal to fly with him and become his wife. The gold

has at last been found by her father and brother, and there is some of it in the cottage. On the very day that her lover returns to fly with her, her father is brought home half-dead from the digging, and her brother rides off to fetch a doctor. Sad end to her romance, poor Jessie finds her hero rifling her father's safe of its gold. Then, indeed, she casts him off, and the curtain falls on her agony and his flight. The tale is not a long one, and will beguile a leisure hour.

Mr. Farnell's scholarly volumes on the *Cults of the Greek States* (Clarendon Press) are a mine of wealth to the student of that fascinating subject. Representing the labour of years, we have here the now too rare example of the leisurely preparation of a work which at once takes front rank. The whole matter of which it treats is confessedly obscure, and unfortunately, the labours of scholars governed by the theory that comparative philology alone supplied the key to explanation of the names of the gods, and therefore of their physical and moral attributes, have not tended to clearance of difficulties. But all this is now changed. Even here we see what profound impression, both on method and interpretation, the theories concerning man's evolution have wrought. Anthropology has shown itself the one indubitable witness as to the origin of the highest beliefs, and it is in its detection of the barbaric element in civilised ideas and customs that the evidence as to man's development from the lower to the higher comes. Recognising this, Mr. Farnell touches on it but slightly so as to give fuller space to deal with the names and ideas attaching to the gods of Greece in the historic period. Those relating to most of the major deities—Cronos, Zeus, Artemis, Aphrodite—are passed in detailed review, each chapter being illustrated with process reproductions of the more notable statues. Doubtless, a like complete treatment will be accorded in the concluding volume to the remaining Greek gods of the Pantheon, as also to the Chthonian deities, and to the lesser divinities that haunted forest, stream, and fountain. Whether the occult ceremonies attendant on the mysteries come within Mr. Farnell's purview his preface indicateth not; but his careful treatment of other matters fosters the hope that these will have place.

M. G. Montbard has sat down and wept by the waters of our Babylon for a quarter of a century, remembering the Zion of his Paris, till his heart was hot within him, and at the last he speaks with his tongue. His onslaught upon us in *The Case of John Bull in Egypt, the Transvaal, Venezuela, and Elsewhere* (Hutchinson and Co.) is made with all the vigour, if not, perhaps, with all the legerity, of our other long-suffering guest and assailant, the author of "John Bull and His Island." It is, I think, George Eliot's remark that much of what is wrongly considered rudeness among rustics is due to the limitation of their vocabulary, and an analogous allowance should be made for an author who makes his attack in a foreign tongue. Writing in French, M. Montbard would, no doubt, say equally hard things of us, but the blows would be dealt with the gloves on. When M. Montbard addresses us in a language of which he is a perfect master—through the illustrations of the book—nothing can exceed the grace, lightness, cleverness, and delicacy of his touch.

Surely it is a mistake to disappoint the ear in poetry? You resent the lack of rhyme so much in a metre where you are used to find it as to be in no mood to enjoy any compensatory beauties of the verse. If, for example, Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson's poem on "Westminster Bridge in the Morning" had been as fine as Wordsworth's lines on the same subject, it would fail of its effect for lack of the looked-for rhymes—

Yet, like the universe divine,
Cold, passionless, and rich;
Vast ransom London yields to them
That grip her by the throat.

There's rhyme enough in the "Ballad of the Battle of Crecy," and reason also on the part of those augurs who, when King Philip had already given the signal for the onset in these soul-stirring words—

In God's name and Saint Denis,
I will that we engage!
Now forward with my Genoese,
And let them earn their wage!—

interpreted the wrangling of a flock of rooks to mean that there was going to be a battle somewhere—

And in their wake the air did shake,
The lightning flashes quiver;
Like great sea-waves the thunder brake;
The Cloud did whirl and sliver;
And of this marvel, under breath,
The wise among us said
It was a sign of battle dour,
Where blood should freely shed!

There are better poems than this—much better—in *Ver Lyre* (Lawrence and Bullen). Mr. Newton-Robinson's "Haring of Horn," for instance, is as spirited as his Crecy ballad is weak, while some of his love poems are pretty and of promise.

The bulky volume containing *Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B.*, compiled by a Friend and edited by his Widow (Hodder and Stoughton), is the biography of a man rarely to be found out of England. He rose from a clerkship in the Treasury to the high and responsible office of Secretary to the Post Office; but becoming early in his career deeply religious, "Beauty Blackwood," as he was called from his handsome person, forsook the pomps and vanities of this wicked world to devote to Evangelical and Temperance propagandism all the leisure that he could spare from a round of official duties. He took a very active part in the proceedings of prayer-meetings, and in addressing other assemblages for the promotion of Evangelical doctrine and the cause of Temperance. Much of the volume is occupied by those of his letters and diaries in which his spiritual experiences are recorded. As Secretary to the Post Office he presided diligently over the execution of several important reforms, and appears to have been popular with his subordinates. His widow, who edits the volume, was herself, when he married her, the widow of the sixth Duke of Manchester.

THE BURNS CENTENARY AND AFTER.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

It might be rash to say that the outbreak of Burns fervour which has been occasioned by the centenary of the poet's death, is at an end. That passionate interest in the man whom the Poet Laureate has designated "The King of Scotland," which resolutely declines to separate his life from his works, is curiously expressed this week by the unveiling of a statue to "Highland Mary" in the fashionable Clyde watering-place of Dunoon, the leading part in this ceremony being taken by Lord Kelvin, who, although not a Scotchman by birth, has been identified with Scotland during the whole of his long and distinguished academic life. Nor can there be any doubt as to the sincerity of the Scotch love of "Highland Mary." And yet she was not the reality in Burns's life that Jean Armour was—the loyal, loved, loving, and most magnanimous wife—to whom it has not yet been proposed to erect a statue even in Dumfries, where she spent her honoured widowhood, and where to her dying day she vehemently vindicated her husband's memory against the charges preferred by his biographer Currie, and for a time left unchallenged by his brother Gilbert. The connection of "Highland Mary" with Burns is enveloped in mystery. Tradition, backed up, it is true, by circumstantial evidence of a very remarkable character, has identified her with Mary Campbell, a servant in the employment of Burns's friend Gavin Hamilton. But Burns himself has not so identified her; the name of "Mary Campbell" does not appear in any one either of his letters or of his poems. The tongue of slander has, especially of late years, declined to spare her name. It has denied her right to be regarded as Burns's Beatrice, "the white rose" that, as the late Professor Nichol put it, "grew up and bloomed in the midst of his passion-flowers." Yet, largely because she is supposed to symbolise the purely romantic element in Burns's life, the celebration on this occasion is one of considerable interest.

Later on a statue to Burns himself will be unveiled (probably by Lord Rosebery) in Paisley—that Paisley on which Lord Beaconsfield enjoined his countrymen to keep their eyes, as being not only a great centre of the thread industry, but as a sort of barometer of Scotch national sentiment. That remarkable and indeed unique testimony to the magnetic personality of "the King of Scotland," the collection of pictures, books, manuscripts, and relics known as the Burns Exhibition, will attract visitors to Glasgow till the end of October. After that it may be removed to London or some provincial city. In any case, the fervour which has been aroused by the tragedy of Jan. 21, 1796, will hardly be spent by the end of 1896.

At the same time, the week which began on July 18 with the unveiling of a statue in Irvine, represents the high-water mark or ecstasy of the Centenary enthusiasm. It will scarcely be possible to add to what has been said during the past few days about, for, and against Burns in Irvine, Dumfries, Glasgow, and Mauchline. And what is to be the upshot of all this excitement and eloquence? Possibly a great deal, certainly not a little. There is no saying what substantial work may yet be done by, and still more through, the Glasgow Exhibition, in the way of securing a pure and classic text of Burns's Poems, Letters, and of clarifying and rectifying his biography. Thus the fact has already been made known that Burns was sufficiently "diligent in his business" as a flax-dresser in Irvine to have in 1783 been awarded a premium of £3 by the public Board in Edinburgh, which then encouraged Scotch industries by small bounties. Then the Centenary year will be notable for the raising of £5000 to establish cottage homes "for the benefit of respectable and deserving persons, who, from old age or ill-health, or other misfortune, find life's struggle a hard one," in the neighbourhood of the farm of Mossiel, in which Burns did his first and perhaps his best work, and near the field consecrated to the memory of the daisy

That, by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
The tender charms of Poetry and Love.

The speeches made by Lord Rosebery at Dumfries and Glasgow constitute, between them, the most remarkable addition that has been made for many years to the literature of Burns criticism. They were marked by sympathy, insight, level-headedness, the highest artistic finish, and, above all, perfect dignity of attitude towards the poet.

Finally Mr. Alfred Austin has revived two very old controversies by his declarations at Irvine that "when Burns was literary he was weak," and that "he was as weak as water in the presence of the native beverage and the native beauties." The Laureate has raised a hornet's nest about him, for Scotchmen who accept the second of his dicta refuse to accept the first. Thus Robert Louis Stevenson, who takes the lowest possible view of Burns's character—as having "feet of clay," as being "a rustic Don Juan," and, indeed, little better than "the impure medium of pure verse"—takes the highest possible view of the "bad man's" "literary capacity." He has borne ungrudging testimony to Burns's painstaking industry, and to the fact that "words were his slaves." In any case, Burns is recognised by most of his countrymen, not as a man without self-control or character, but as an occasional "sinner" who confessed, repented, and firmly believing that "prudent self-control is wisdom's root," had in him all the magnificent possibilities, not, perhaps, of a saint, but certainly of a wise and estimable man of the world. The secret of Burns, of the relation between his preaching and his practice, will, perhaps, never be discovered. The secret of his invincible and increasing popularity, to which the very rhetorical extravagances of the Centenary celebrations bear witness, lies on the surface. He is the favourite of men of action in all grades of life who are so circumstanced that they must make and unmake their plans of life as they hurry through it, and who see in him and his works an embodiment and expression of their lives and hopes, their strength and their weakness. To them, at least in their youth, conduct may not appear as to Mr. Arnold, three-fourths of life; but they themselves constitute three-fourths of Scotland, if not of Anglo-Saxon humanity, and it is impossible to repress them.

THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT BURNS.



Monument
DUMFRIES
A. & C. Giff.



MAUSOLEUM
DUMFRIES
A. & C. Giff.

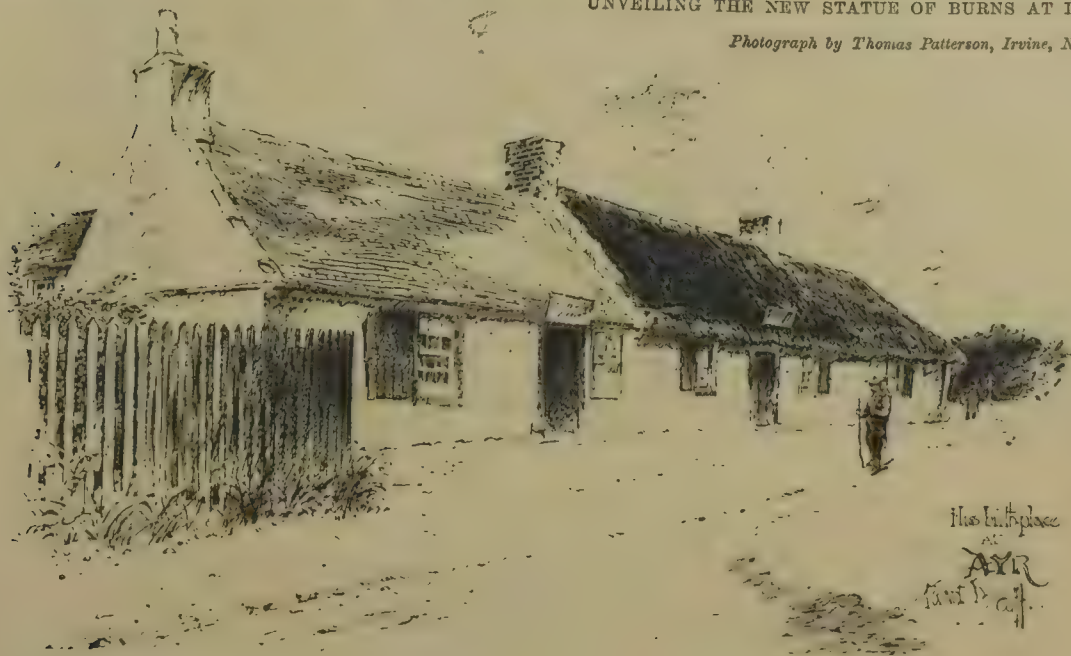


Statue
Monument
Ayr



UNVEILING THE NEW STATUE OF BURNS AT IRVINE, JULY 18.

Photograph by Thomas Patterson, Irvine, N.B.



His birthplace
Ayr
A. & C. Giff.



Burns' home
DUMFRIES
A. & C. Giff.



"JUST A PEEP."

From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstangel.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Princess Ingeborg of Denmark. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

Princess Victoria of Wales.

Prince Charles of Denmark.

The Prince of Wales.

Princess Maud of Wales.

The Duchess of Fife.

The Princess of Wales.

Princess Thyra of Denmark.

Princess Margaret of Connaught.



Princess Alice of Albany.

Lady Alexandra Duff.

Princess Patricia of Connaught.

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS, THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, IN THE COSTUMES WORN AT THE WEDDING, JULY 22.

From Photographs taken by Special Permission by Messrs. Gunn and Stuart, 162, Sloane Street, and Richmond, Surrey.



THE VENETIANS.—LUKE FILDES, R.A.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One wonders what would happen if the householders of those parts of the East End whose water-supply has been reduced to one quarter of the usual allowance were to deduct three-fourths of the rates claimed and tender the remainder in payment? Would the company, on the one hand, cut off the rest of the supply and bring an action for the recovery of the deducted money; and would the householders, on the other hand, defend the case and sue for damages? I am asking these questions in good faith, for I do not mind confessing my ignorance on the subject, although I am aware that the purely monetary and commercial aspect of it is of minor importance.

But in common with the majority of my contemporaries, I am learning to look at things from a practical point of view. If a dairy agrees to furnish so many gallons of milk per day and fails to do this, its customers, whether singly or collectively, cannot be expected "to take the will for the deed," and settle without demur an account for goods they never had. The dairyman, of course, might plead that in consequence of some prevailing disease the majority of his cows died; for one may plead the most absurd plea, but where is the judge who would admit such justification (?) and give a verdict for the claimant?

It is doubtful, however, whether the Solon on the Bench would go further than non-suit the claimant; he would probably not award the customers compensation for having had to swallow their tea and coffee without milk, for having had to deprive their little ones of milk puddings, and for having had to go short of custards at dinner. Grown-up people, if in fairly good health, can, after all, dispense with milk for some time and not suffer much inconvenience. Eccles in "Caste" averred that he could dispense with it for ever—and, for that matter, with water also, either for outward or inward application, if we were to judge by his appearance.

Nevertheless, there are not many Eccleses with regard to a dislike for "pure water" as a beverage, although there may be equally few habitual water-drinkers. Even the staunchest abstainers do not drink much water, and there is not much danger of the supply for the decoction of tea, coffee, cocoa, and non-alcoholic beverages failing. It is being supplied for six hours out of twenty-four, albeit that the strictest economy in its use is being recommended; still, one need not fear the spectacle of so many thousands being parched with thirst they cannot slake, like so many shipwrecked on a raft.

Beyond this there is not much comfort, and this little scrap is considerably lessened by the recollection that the cholera epidemic of thirty years ago was due to the breakdown of a pump and a filter-bed in the East London Water Company's works, and the consequent distribution of unfiltered water from the Lea during three days in the East London district. With an increasing scarcity of water staring it in the face, the company may not be so careful as it should be as to the extraordinary sources of its supply. Truly, the New River Company has promised to assist, but it is an open secret that the company has barely sufficient for its own wants.

But though cholera may, and probably will be averted, there are other serious dangers in store. Scarcity of water means a decrease of cleanliness in the very quarters where cleanliness is of the greatest importance. The teeming population of the East-End has altered considerably in their personal habits during the last two decades. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that in many respects they are not altogether what one could wish them to be. In the ordinary transactions of life a demand for a certain thing is supposed to create a supply. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that in the matter of water for sanitary and hygienic use, the case is reversed: the supply creates the demand.

I feel practically certain that in the East-End there are thousands of slovenly housewives, untidy girls, belated artisans in a hurry to go to their work, all of whom, unless a plentiful supply of water is within their very easy reach, will neglect not only their daily ablutions, but also the cleansing of their houses or rooms. I prefer not to dwell upon the consequences of such neglect to the community at large, for we must bear in mind that there are several lines of omnibuses starting from remote corners of the East-End to the limits of greater and Western London. I think I need say no more.

The Marriage Law Defence Union are to take immediate and vigorous action to impress upon the public mind the extreme gravity of the situation resulting from the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill by the House of Lords, and also the necessity of opposing by every constitutional means any interference with the law of marriage. It is held that the prospect for next session is an anxious one.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company announce that the availability of the special cheap weekend tickets issued by ordinary trains to the seaside on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2, will be extended to Wednesday, Aug. 5. Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe and Rouen. On Saturday, Aug. 1, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 30 to Aug. 3 inclusive. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 3, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs KELLY (of Kelly).—We do not think there is anything wrong in the construction. The Pawn is required for other purposes than the solution. POLIXENES.—Diagram to hand with thanks. J LARK HALPH (Purley).—Your proposed solution of No. 2729 will not do. We presume previous solutions were unacknowledged because they were wrong.

F PROCTOR.—The defence to Q to Kt 6th seems to us singularly obvious, and one that ought scarcely to need pointing out to so confident an authority as yourself.

G DE MEURS (Brussels).—We will examine Mr. Unger's problem with pleasure, and hope, for the sake of your club, yourself, and the composer, that it is good enough for publication.

Mrs W J BAIRD.—Thanks for problem. We fear you have exhausted our vocabulary of congratulation in regard to your further successes.

CAPTAIN J A CHALLICE.—Your record is extraordinarily good, and speaks eloquently of your skill as a solver.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2722 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2723 from A S H H (Rio); of No. 2727 from R Worters (Canterbury), C C Massey, W H Lunn (Cheltenham), Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), J Whittingham (Walspool), and Professor Charles Wagner (Llandil); of No. 2728 from C E H (Clifton), C R H, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), C E M (Ayr), Frater, J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Professor Charles Wagner (Llandil, Styria), Ubique, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and J. Whittingham (Walspool).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2729 received from Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Hereward, Jonas W, E B Foord (Cheltenham), M Rieloff, W R Raitlen, W R B (Clifton), Captain Spencer, Twynam (Bournemouth), J Whittingham (Walspool), C E H (Clifton), R H Brooks, H S Brandreth, B Copland (Chelmsford), R Worters (Canterbury), H M Farrington, T Roberts, F James (Wolverhampton), J Hall, Castle Lea, Tuxen (Newcastle), Shadforth, E P Vulliamy, F A Carter (Maldon), John K Leys, Dr C A Hill (Liverpool), C R R, T Chown, C M A B, Dawn, S Davis (Leicester), G W Smith (Stroud), F J Candy (Croydon), L Desanges, Fred J Gross, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), Frater, Alpha, H E Lee (Ipswich), E Lound, E Waller (Luton), F N Braund (Farnham), J F Moon, Martin F, J S Wesley (Exeter), H Le Jeune, Meursius (Brussels), H S Brandreth, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C E Perugini, M Burke, G T Hughes, H T Atterbury, and H Rodney.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2728.—By REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE. 1. Q to Kt 5th. 2. B to Kt 7th (ch). 3. Kt mates accordingly.

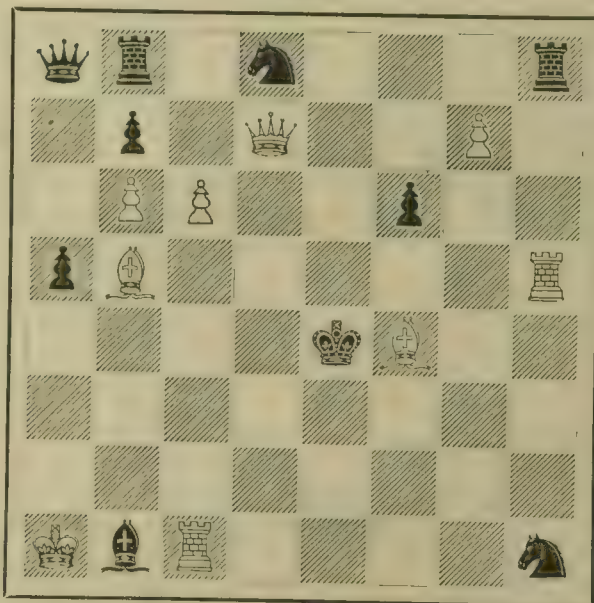
BLACK. P takes Q. K moves.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt. 2. B to B 5th (ch); if 1. R takes B, 2. Q takes R (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Q takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2731.

By W. S. FENOLLOSA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

The two following games were played in the Nuremberg Tournament. The first between Messrs. TSCHIGORIN and WINAVER.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Q to Kt 3rd. 3. P to B 4th. 4. Kt to B 3rd. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. B takes P. 7. Kt takes P. 8. Q to Q 2nd. 9. Castles. 10. Kt to B 3rd. 11. B to Kt 5th. 12. P to Kt 4th. 13. B takes Kt. 14. Kt to K 5th. 15. Kt to B 4th. 16. B takes B.

BLACK (Mr. W.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Q to Kt 3rd. 3. P takes P. 4. Kt to K 2nd. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. P takes P. 7. Kt to Kt 3rd. 8. B to K 3rd. 9. Q to Q 4th. 10. Q to Q 4th. 11. Q to Q 4th. 12. P to K 3rd. 13. Kt to K 2nd. 14. Kt to K 2nd. 15. Kt to K 2nd. 16. Kt to K 2nd.

An awkward move, possibly played with a view to Kt to K 3rd, so denying the Gambit Pawn. 17. P to Q 6th. 18. Kt takes P (ch). 19. R takes B. 20. Q takes R. 21. Q to Q 2nd. 22. Kt to K 3rd. 23. R to Q 4th. 24. P to R 4th. 25. K to B 2nd. 26. Kt to K 3rd. 27. R to Q 4th. 28. K to B 2nd. 29. B to Q 3rd. 30. R to Q 2nd. 31. B to B 5th. 32. K to B 3rd. 33. R to Q 4th. 34. P to R 4th. 35. K to B 2nd. Resigns.

There is a good straightforward style about White's proceedings from this point, and his superiority soon becomes manifest. The finish is curious. There is no means of keeping the Queen guarding the pinned Knight, and that piece is therefore lost. With the game goes speedily. White's play here is really charming if studied move for move.

Game played between Messrs. SCHIFFERS and ALBIN.

(Zukertort Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) 1. Kt to K 3rd. 2. P to Q 4th. 3. P to K 3rd. 4. P to Q 4th. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. Q to Q 2nd. 7. P takes P. 8. Kt to K 5th. 9. B to Q 3rd. 10. P to K 4th. 11. Castles. 12. P takes Kt. 13. P to Kt 4th. 14. P to K 5th. 15. R to Q 3rd. 16. Kt (at Q 2) to B 3 P to K B 3rd.

BLACK (Mr. S.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. P to K 3rd. 3. Kt to K 3rd. 4. P to B 3rd. 5. P to Q 4th. 6. Kt to Q 3rd. 7. P takes P. 8. B to Q 3rd. 9. Castles. 10. B to Q 2nd. 11. Kt to Q 4th. 12. Kt to K 3rd. 13. Kt to K 3rd. 14. Kt to K 3rd. 15. Kt to K 3rd. 16. Kt to K 3rd.

There is not much to be said in favour of this method of development. White would have done better to put his King into safety first by B to K 2nd, etc. An awkward method of guarding the two weak Pawns. 17. P takes P. 18. Kt takes Kt. 19. P to Q 4th. 20. Q to Q 2nd. 21. K to R sq. 22. R to Kt sq (ch). 23. R to Kt 4th. 24. R to Kt 4th. 25. R to Q sq. 26. Kt to R 4th. 27. Q takes B. 28. R to Kt sq. 29. R to Kt 4th. 30. B to R 3rd. 31. K to Kt sq. 32. Q takes Q. Black Wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The problem of right-handedness is one which has always presented attractive features to the scientist. Many of us are much more given to using the two hands equally than others, but I suppose even in the most typical cases in which the left hand has been educated up to taking a due share in the body's work, the superiority of the right hand remains unquestioned. The problem of right-handedness, however, is not quite so simple as it might appear at first sight; for involved in this problem is another—namely, how and why the left half of the cerebrum (or great brain) has come to acquire its relatively superior place and power over the right hemisphere. It has to be borne in mind that each lobe or half of the cerebrum is concerned with the regulation and control of movements of the opposite side of the body. It may be, as Dr. Brown-Séquard affirmed, and as Dr. Hughlings Jackson, I believe, teaches, that there is a certain amount of representative control of its own side of the body in each half of the brain; but the broad fact remains that in ordinary life the superiority of the left hemisphere is the source of our right-handedness, just as in a left-handed person the right brain-lobe may be regarded as the more active hemisphere.

It would, therefore, appear to be a reasonable enough idea that, in seeking for the origin of right-handedness, we should begin with the brain itself. According to one theory the evolution of language as a purely human feature has been the cause of the superiority of the left hemisphere, and this because our active speech-centre is placed on the third left frontal fold or convolution of the brain. There is, of course, a speech-centre in the corresponding fold of the right brain, but ordinarily it is inoperative. We know these facts from our studies of aphasia, or that condition in which the power of speech is practically lost while the patient perfectly comprehends all that is said to him. But, even if the view which relates speech as a faculty of the left brain to right-handedness be correct, we are still left in the dark regarding the causes which have operated to evolve the selection of the left hemisphere as the more active half of our brain. Dr. D. G. Brinton, who has long made a study of right-handedness, offers us what appears to be a natural explanation of the difficulty to which I have just alluded. He remarks on the purely human nature of the right-handed state, although admittedly this condition has not been represented in all nations at all periods of human history to the same extent. Dr. Brinton is therefore led to correlate the erect posture of man with his right-handed habits.

The most man-like apes, he contends, are ambi-dexterous, and show no preference for either hand. May I be allowed to suggest that this latter statement presents grounds for further inquiry? I am not quite sure that Dr. Brinton is altogether right in his assumption. Once upon a time I kept monkeys, and for several years closely studied their habits. While they often used both hands equally in the prehension of food and in other actions, I noted in at least two of my quadrumanous family a distinct preference for the right hand. One very intelligent bonnet monkey, "Jenny" by name, almost invariably used her right hand for all purposes, and I noted the fact specially when she tried to disentangle string or thread, for example—a piece of play she often practised. But even if among apes we occasionally do meet with right-handedness, this fact may only modify Dr. Brinton's contention; it will not weaken his views of the origin of the condition. Some of our poor relations may be ahead of others in respect of the better development of one cerebral lobe, and there the matter ends.

Dr. Brinton, taking the erect posture as typical of man, maintains that this posture of body necessitates an arrangement in connection with the circulation of the blood such as is unnecessary and unrepresented in ordinary quadrupedal life. The heart finds increased work in propelling the blood to parts above its own level. It encounters the opposing force of gravity in its duty of pumping blood to the head. Now in regarding the distribution of the arteries which carry the blood to the head parts, and which arise from the great main vessel (or aorta) that springs from the heart directly, Dr. Brinton contends we may find an explanation of right-handedness. The arteries that supply the left half of the brain have a shorter and more direct course than those which carry blood to the right hemisphere, and, other things being equal, the left brain will therefore be better nourished than the right. As a matter of fact, I believe it can be proved that the left hemisphere is usually heavier than the right, and has a fuller blood-supply. The increased nutrition of the left brain in time would tend to produce greater vitality and a higher degree of functional activity, and this activity, acting on the right side of the body, would naturally tend to the better development of the right half of the frame. Hence, on this view of things, right-handedness has originated as a result of the erect posture of man. The only point which deserves further mention in the interests of the reader is the fact that the nerve-fibres passing from each half of the brain to the body are seen to cross over to the opposite side of the spinal cord. This is an original and fundamental fact of anatomy. Dr. Brinton's theory gives us a reason why the messages which come from the left brain, and which naturally cross to the right side, should be of more powerful nature than those passing from the right brain to the body's left side.

Talking of aphasia, or the loss of speech above referred to, I note that Dr. Pitres has lately observed the occurrence of this affection in polyglot patients. In such cases the patients do not lose all their speech-faculties (represented by the various languages they know) equally. The general loss of speech from which they at first suffer is succeeded in the process of recovery by the return of the language with which the patients were most familiar. The less familiar languages they profess, return later on in the history of the cure. This fact illustrates the rule that mental faculties last acquired, so to speak, are the first to go and the last to return in the case of a cerebral breakdown.

ART NOTES.

The promise given by the First Lord of the Treasury to appoint a Committee of Inquiry into the relations of the State to art will be hailed with satisfaction by all who desire to see the sums annually voted by Parliament spent with reasonable discretion. In the debate which provoked Mr. Balfour's promise, no speaker seemed to have any definite aim in his criticisms on the management of the Science and Art Department. The presumed intention of the opposition was to censure the reduction of the sums hitherto provided for the purchase of works of art. Mr. Hanbury, on whom fell the defence of the Government, seems never to have made use of the most cogent reason on record, which is to the effect that in the opinion of those most competent to speak, the accumulation of works of art in large quantities and without system is absolutely useless for the purposes of instruction. Already in Paris there is a very decided opinion that far too much money is spent on the Museums of Cluny, the Trocadéro, and Carnavalet, which answer most nearly to our South Kensington Museum. Neither in this country nor in Paris nor Berlin is there any systematic attempt to show the history of any art, decorative or industrial, from its earliest origin, with its various modifications by local surroundings or national habits. Objects which are thought to be historically interesting or artistically valuable are bought, often at enormous prices, and stowed

picture of Salisbury Cathedral from the meadows—now reproduced—while a study, apparently for the same work, was given to the Louvre by Mr. John W. Wilson. It is curious to note that Mr. Ruskin—at least in his earlier days—had no sympathy for Constable's work, and expressed his regret that the taste for it, "already harmful enough in England, is extending into France." Those who should be lucky enough to become possessed of even the engraving of his "Salisbury Cathedral" will scarcely share Mr. Ruskin's early views.

The little collection of water colours and pastel drawings by Colonel R. Goff, on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery (Vigo Street), owes its value to the quality rather than to the quantity of the work. Many of the sketches are little more than slight studies, but from scarcely any one the note of beauty and brightness is absent. Colonel Goff doubtless will not protest at being classed among amateurs in art, but had he suppressed his identity few would have suspected that he was not by training as well as by taste a true artist. It would be difficult to assign Colonel Goff to any special school; one sees that impressionism is not without its attractions for him, and in the dozen studies of Brighton and the Mediterranean (Nos. 22 to 34), the influence of Mr. Whistler is obvious. They are distinctly harmonies of colour, a blending of sea and sky under various conditions, poetically conceived and delicately handled. At other times he goes in search of gay groups of workers or revellers at Salerno or Amalfi, at

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is now much more social intercourse between Churchmen and Nonconformists. The Bishop of Peterborough has suggested that the clergy and Church people of Leicester should help to entertain the Congregational ministers and delegates who will visit Leicester at the autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union. When the Bishop of Peterborough was Vicar of Embleton in Northumberland, he was on the most cordial terms with the Presbyterian minister and congregation there. The Bishop of Worcester has invited the Nonconformist ministers of his diocese to spend a day with him at Hartlebury Palace.

Bishop Wilkinson has explained in a letter to Prebendary Webb-Peploe that he did not kiss the holy image of the Saviour in a Russian church. Saying a prayer for the unity of the churches at the altar is a custom universal in the East when a visitor enters a church, and the practice needs no defence. When the Bishop entered the monastery church of St. Alexander Newsky, the venerable saint of the East, he knelt at his tomb just as he would have knelt at the grave of John Keble and Thomas à Kempis, not to pray to or ask anything of these saints of God, but to ask God to give him more of that divine grace which made them what they were. Prebendary Webb-Peploe has expressed his satisfaction at this reply.

Mr. John Hughes, of Liverpool, has bequeathed the sum of £5000 in augmentation of the incomes of poor



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—STEAM TACTICS: FORMING DIVISIONS AHEAD FROM SINGLE LINE.

away with about as much method as is to be seen in an auction-room. So long as there was any danger of really important specimens of industrial art being lost or destroyed from ignorance of their value, the intervention of the State was justifiable; now that private collectors may be trusted to keep with equal care the specimens offered for sale, the State only appears in the quality of a rival purchaser, able to force up the prices, and is, moreover, induced to give a thoroughly fictitious sum for an article which has no educational value—the sole justification of the State as a collector.

Mr. Bishop Pratt's engraving of Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral" (Henry Graves and Co., Pall-Mall) appears at an opportune moment to vindicate the claims of the most genuine painter of English landscape. Mr. Pratt has in his reproduction departed from the pure mezzotint of his predecessor David Lucas, who more than fifty years ago produced "various subjects of landscape characteristic of English scenery principally intended to display the phenomena of the Chiar' oscuro of Nature observed by John Constable." Among these subjects was the first picture of Salisbury Cathedral, painted by Constable in 1823, and intended by Bishop Fisher as a wedding present to his daughter. The artist's illness delayed the completion of the work, which, after all, was not to the Bishop's liking, and Constable, who owed much to Dr. Fisher, painted another picture of the cathedral, which still remains in the family, the original passing into the possession of Mr. Sheepshanks, by whom it was bequeathed to the nation, and is now one of the most important specimens of the British school. The subject was eminently attractive to Constable, for we find him again in 1831 painting a larger and still more important

Brussels or Bruges, towns in which the tradition of picturesque effect still lingers. Perhaps it is because Colonel Goff's work is always on a minute scale that our interest in it is quickened, and that we are able to follow without a sense of weariness the life he portrays. As a sketching-ground, Italy has his obvious preference, and Belgium comes next, for both countries are rich in memorials of the past, secular and ecclesiastical, and the orange-sellers of San Remo, the flower-girls of Rome and Florence, and the fishermen of Amalfi are all attractive subjects. He does not, however, altogether neglect the charms of his own country, and the effects of atmosphere in which it is unrivalled. Rusthall Common, Richmond Bridge, the Weald of Kent, and Limehouse Reach furnish subjects which to the eye of the true connoisseur are as full of picturesque beauty as the more vivid contrasts in which Southern Europe indulges.

Mr. J. Haynes Williams is one of those clever artists who know how to take advantage of the varying moods of popular taste. A short time back a clever reproduction of his picture "A Dangerous Introduction" appealed to those who were touched or untouched by the stories of cat and bird life provided by the eager correspondents of a weekly contemporary. He has now followed this successful work by another, entitled "Romance" (Landeker, Lee, and Brown), which appeals at once to the lovers of last-century costumes and those who love to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. Here, however, Amaryllis is duly chaperoned by Galatea, and both are listening to the last new romance of Richardson or Mdlle. Scudéry, which the student-lover is reading. The picture is one which lends itself to reproduction, and would be always a pleasing wall decoration.

clergy in North Wales, many of whom have suffered very severely from the anti-tithe agitation.

Among a section of Churchmen there is great anxiety about the next Education Bill. The promise to relieve the Voluntary schools is considered inefficient, and the *Guardian* goes so far as to say that "by the side of the promise of religious education in the country the relief of existing Church schools sinks into comparative insignificance." It pleads for something like Clause 27, as unless the rule of the Education Department about new Voluntary schools is altered it will be impossible to provide more Church schools.

At a meeting held by the invitation of Lord Halifax, the Abbé Portal gave an address on Unity. He argued that corporate union was possible because it was necessary. England and Russia were centres of religious influence of the highest importance, the Russians being a people more profoundly Christian than perhaps any other in the world, while the English Church seemed to be growing stronger every day. The constitution of the Church was to be found in the powers of the Pope and the episcopate, and the rights of both had to be preserved. That Mr. Gladstone should have spoken as he did was a fact of the greatest importance, and destined to bear much fruit. Father Puller said that if ever there was to be a corporate reunion, the Roman Curia must come round to the view that Anglican Orders were valid. If they could not conscientiously come to that view, corporate reunion was out of the question. As to the claims of the Pope, the Vatican Decrees were a great stumbling-block, but he did not believe that the interpretation of the Vatican Decrees at present current in the Curia would be able to stand in the face of a candid investigation of the Origins of the Church.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

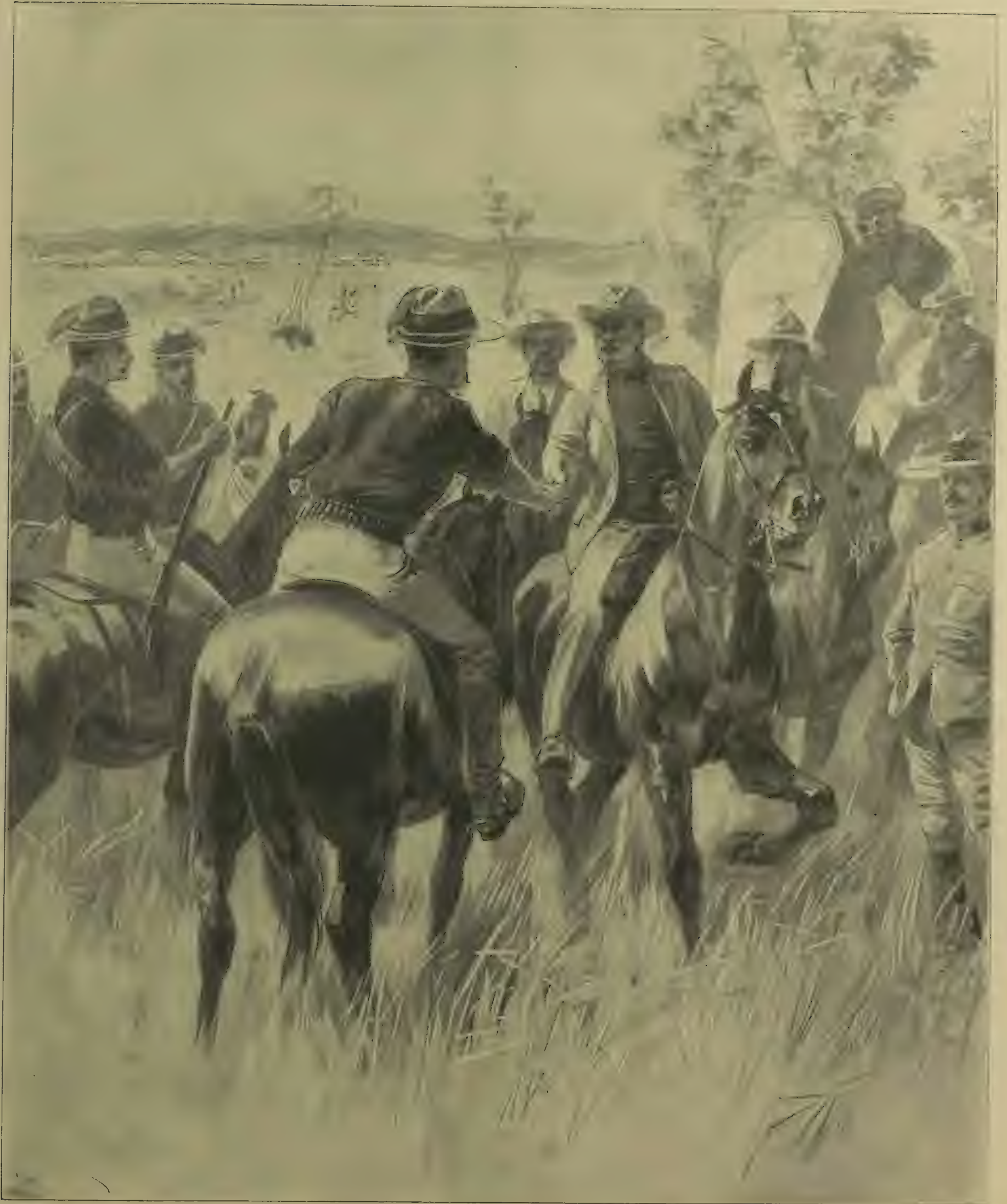
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



EXPECTING A NIGHT ATTACK AT FORT SALISBURY.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE MEETING OF THE SALISBURY AND BULUWAYO COLUMNS: MR. CECIL RHODES AND COLONEL NAPIER SHAKING HANDS.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have repented of my idleness and returned to take just one more taste of social life before wandering into the questionable seclusion of Dieppe, via three weeks in the sylvan shades of Hertfordshire. I must say a last word about Princess Maud's wedding, even though the least observant may imagine that this was already fitted to be written down as a twice told tale; but I want to mention the silver tea-service which was given to her Royal Highness by the "Geisha" Company, it was so exceedingly pretty, made by Mitsuhashi of Tokio. The tray was in the shape of a chrysanthemum, the centre of each flower being in enamel, and the various appliances and means for drinking tea were fashioned to imitate the stalks of this emblematic flower, enamel again putting in its appearance upon these. I heard that the presentation took place at the theatre, where Miss Letty Lind, Miss Cook, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, led by the loyal young author Owen Hall, were introduced to the Prince and Princess. I wonder why geraniums were selected for the royal bridesmaids! This is quite the ugliest flower ever perpetrated by Nature. However, as I previously observed, the last word has been said about the Royal Marriage.

Now let me talk about some new clothes which I have been interviewing. One sketched upon this page was destined to go to Ranelagh last week; it was made of shot silk in green and mauve and blue, and the front was of a very fine grass lawn embroidered with lace motifs, little frills of the same forming the basque and decorating the

parroquet, bearing in its mouth, to stand erect, a white bird-of-paradise plume, while another plume fell beneath its tail over the hair of its wearer. There was a whole leading article from the pen of a nice womanly woman



VICTORIA, PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MAUD
BY THE CITIZENS OF NORWICH.

Built by Howes and Sons, Norwich.

ready to be evolved from the birds in that hat. But the wearer seemed sublimely unconscious of her iniquities, and she was even audacious enough to look pretty, exhibiting her barbarous instincts with supreme unconcern.

The other piqué dress which pleased me much was in white, and the bodice of this showed a corselet of white piqué, the upper portion being made of very fine lawn frills set across the figure and headed with narrow bands of black velvet ribbon buttoned in the centre with small diamond buttons; the top portions of the sleeves were made of these frills again, and the lower portion of the piqué, these latter being cut to extend over the hand in bell shape. By the way, I have observed that this kind of sleeve continues to hold its own among us; it looks its

a trimming for the plain skirt. The plain skirt, so the authorities tell me, is on its last legs, or our last legs, I suppose I may say. I do not believe this sweeping assertion, though I think it is quite safe to prophesy that flounces will again receive some of the attention they deserve. Furthermore, I have been informed that the skirt, which is induced to fullness by gatherings or small tucks round the hips, is to have a chance of the popularity for which it has been bidding for some months. Ah, well! of the plain skirts as well as for everything else in the world of fate and fashion, we shall no doubt cry "The King is dead, long live the King!"

"Ardath" writes to ask me where she is to buy a sailor-hat of manly outline, and I beg to offer her my cordial advice to seek it at Hyam's, 138, Oxford Street; and at the same time I wish to tell her that she should alter her determination to wear a black belt with that muslin gown and select in its place one of green and white glacé silk. "Cherry Blossom" has my best thanks for her letter, and my counsel to use that piece of brocade to make a petticoat trimmed with a flounce of chiffon draped with a flounce of cream-coloured lace. The length would be sufficient to make a tea-jacket, but my suggestion would use it to much better advantage.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

After many years of incubation, a new code of law has been adopted for the whole German Empire. It is one that places German women in the lowest position that is occupied by the women of any modern civilised peoples.



SHOT-SILK COSTUME.

hem, while bands of mauve velvet ribbon were arranged at discretion on bodice and skirt. The other frock illustrated was just off on its travels abroad when I met it. It was made of spotted silk muslin with draperies of net, bordered with broad lace falling over the shoulders, caught up at one side to fall to the hem, and the collar-band and the belt of this were of roseate glacé ribbon.

Belts absorb a vast amount of study, and there is no doubt that their width should be determined by the individual waist which they are destined to deck. Short-waisted women should be advised, earnestly advised, indeed violently exhorted to eschew the corselet. The narrow white leather belt and the belt of ribbon or galloon jewelled or embroidered, should be their lot, and the simplest way of attaching such is by sewing it on the top of the skirt. This proceeding may necessitate the possession of two or three belts instead of one, or the expenditure of a little energy in tacking the favoured belt on to the favoured skirt every day; and this would be by no means an arduous task—one well worth performing to obviate that distressful parting between blouse and band, which is apt to take place without proper precaution.

At a garden party this week I became on intimate terms with several frocks worthy of being described. Two of them were made of piqué, and as this is a fabric upon which I seldom bestow admiration, I shall devote myself to do it honour immediately. The skirt of the one gown was a pale buff piqué; the shirt of the softest white chiffon, accordion kilted, and striped horizontally with insertions of yellow Valenciennes; a short bolero of pale green linen, with pointed revers and an appliqué of buff-coloured embroidery, completed this dress, which was crowned by a hat of Tuscan with a high crown, encircled with a band of yellow ribbon and a band of white ribbon tied together in the front in a small bow, while at one side was a green

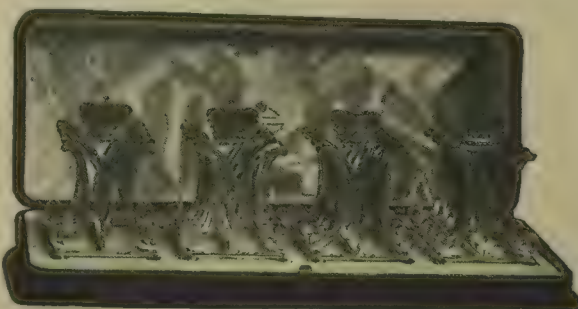


BIBLE AND CASKET, PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MAUD
BY THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Designed and Executed by Messrs. Houghton and Gunn, New Bond Street.

best in some transparent stuff though, and it has special charms when made in real white lace.

Bathing-dresses deserve a word of consideration, so I am told by my various friends and relations who visit me really to ask my advice on subjects sartorial, so that they may recognise the superiority of their own. The best material for such gowns, to my mind, is fine flannel, and I am thinking seriously over the possibility of adapting Viyella to the bathing-dress. There is a charming shade of Viyella, a sort of turquoise blue, which may be relied upon to make an attractive gown, with a large white collar and a white vest, and as this is a material which does not shrink and is thin and soft, there is not a doubt about its advantages. The only reason I hesitate to proclaim them is that I have not yet had the opportunity of wearing a bathing-dress of Viyella, and the personal touch, as the poet hath it, is of supreme value. A pale pink Viyella gown would look rather pretty trimmed with rows of dark red ribbon, edged with a coarse crochet lace; little frills of ribbon form capital trimmings, and in the immediate future I am perfectly certain that this will have the privilege of making the flounces which we shall delight to honour as



TWO PAIRS OF SILVER TOAST-RACKS,
PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MAUD BY THIRTY LADIES NAMED MAUD.
The divisions are in the form of the letter M.

Designed and Manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.



SPOTTED SILK MUSLIN GOWN.

The German mother has no right to her children; the German wife's property rights are so absolutely non-existent that her husband can annul any contract that she makes in business, or even with an employer, and can claim to receive her earnings. If the Empress Frederick had but had an opportunity of impressing her noble individuality on the German nation, this surely could not have happened. A great meeting of protest was held in Berlin, attended by some fifteen thousand persons. A large proportion of those present were women. This was in itself an illegal act, for, extraordinary as it appears to us free Englishwomen, German women are prohibited from being present at political meetings, and a meeting may be broken up by the police at any time as an illegal assembly if only a few women are in attendance. However, this one was not interfered with, and resolutions were passed "protesting against the continued deprivation of women of their economic independence, against the relations of married women to their husbands as presented by the Code, against the provision that the goods possessed by a woman shall become the property of the man she marries, against the provision that mothers are not allowed guardian rights over their children, and against the refusal of the law to give illegitimate children full claims upon their fathers." This meeting was, however, quite fruitless. The Code passed all the same.

The question of the property and earnings of married women has been dealt with by nearly all European States in the last twenty years. Married women have been given more or less complete control over their own pecuniary fortunes, in Italy (1875), England (1882), Denmark (1880), Norway (1888), Russia, and finally in France so lately as in February of this year. The concessions to justice in this matter range from the perfect and absolute freedom of our own beloved land to the wife's right to hold as her own

HUMAN NOBLENES!

Every Noble Crown is, and on Earth will for ever be,

A CROWN OF THORNS.

T. CARLYLE.

The Crossing 'twixt Two Eternities—

THE PAST — THE FUTURE

This Life is a very short span 'twixt two Boundless Seas: The Past—The Future.

Think, wilt Thou let it Slip Useless Away?

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.

INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

"It is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

"Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself."—T. CARLYLE.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT.

*"And such is Human Life, so gliding on
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"*

MORAL. OBEDIENCE TO NATURAL LAWS

is Health, Happiness, and Long Life; while Disobedience or Ignorance Entails Disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders and those who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with Sleeplessness, Lassitude, Disinclination for Bodily or Mental Exertion, Loss of Appetite, Sickness, Pain in the Forehead, Dull Aching of Back and Limbs, Coldness of the Surface, and often Shivering, &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow"; whereas, had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises as untimely death? "I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of Fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

IMPORTANT to Travellers at Home and Abroad.—Don't go without a Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bed-room, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages.

STIMULANTS.—CONGESTION OF THE LIVER.—Experience shows that Acidulated Sherbet masked with Sugar, Hazardous Brain Tipples, or any form of Pick-me-up, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandies, are all very apt to disagree, while Light White Wines, and Gin or old Whisky, largely diluted with Mineral Water charged only with Natural Gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is particularly adapted for any constitutional Weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

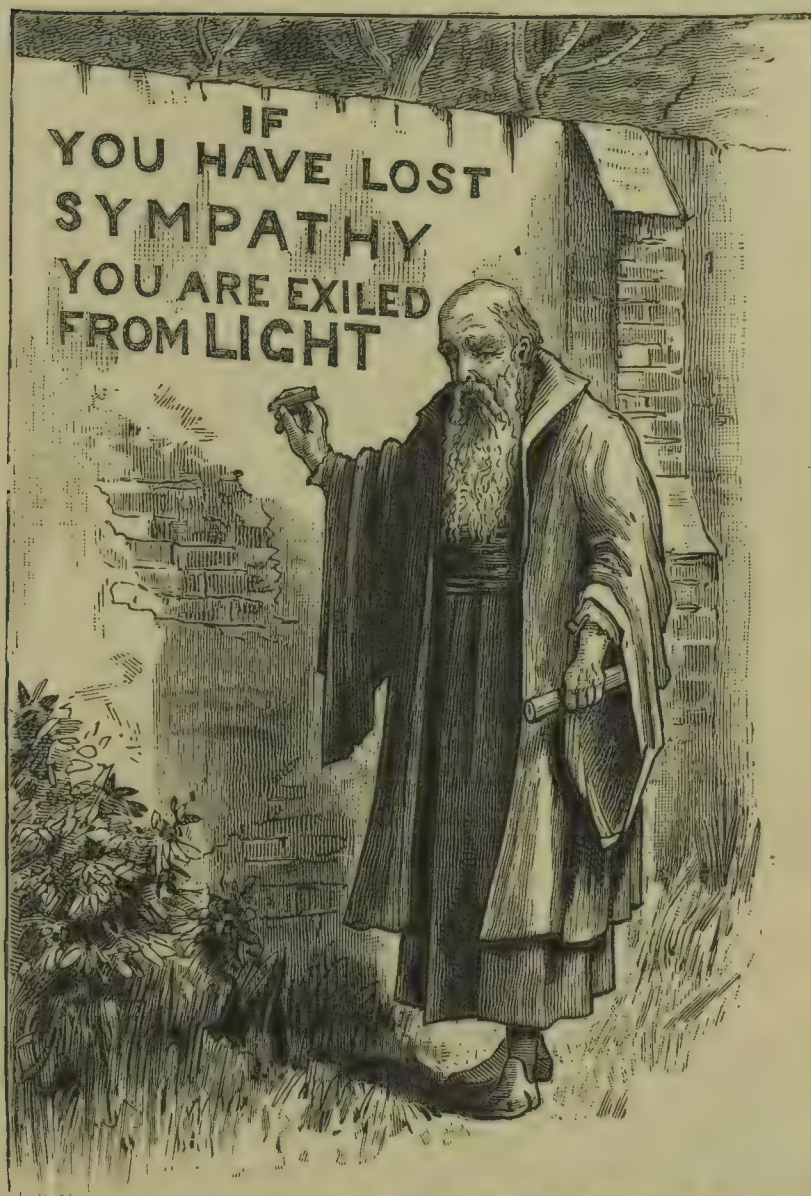
ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION—ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.—THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SEVERE ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



the property that she possessed before marriage, without special settlements prior to the ceremony, that is all that Italy allows. The French law now allows a married woman to claim as her own the money she earns; but there is a curious provision for her husband's "attaching" a portion of her wages (to be settled in amount by a judge) for the family support if she refuse to give it voluntarily. In Belgium there is a Bill before the Chamber to provide that "the produce of the labour and the savings therefrom of a married woman shall remain her own property"; the Belgian woman has already the right to dispose by will of any property that is recognised as hers if married under the system that we should call here a settlement, and that is known on the Continent as "separation of goods."

A lady cyclist has been killed in America by her stay-busk breaking and penetrating her chest when she had a fall. It is very foolish to put the new wine in the old bottles in this fashion. When a woman takes the now-fashioned violent exercises, she exposes herself to great danger if she do not adopt a corresponding change in her dress. Tight stays, in particular, throw much additional labour on the heart when any rapid exercise is being taken, quite apart from the possibility of a fatal accident such as that recorded now.

But the all-powerful corset even accompanies the lady missionary into those parts of the earth where she alone represents the civilised ideal of the hour-glass as the shape of an elegant female! Some English women missionaries have recently been sent by the Church Missionary Society to Uganda, and have gone so fashionably rigged out that the King of the regions wittily observed that he supposed they put all their food up their sleeves, since there was plenty of room for it there and none in their waists. This is a true tale! It is matched by Captain Griffiths' story of the old female prisoner who scraped the wall of the cell to make rouge for her aged cheeks. Truly, vanity is carried into strange places.

In the annual report of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women there is the usual tragic tale of the enormous number of applications for advice and the small number of situations obtained. Thus, 2798 applicants have called in person, and 2355 persons have written for advice; but, alas! only 61 regular appointments and 461 casual and temporary engagements have been found amongst all these applicants. The reason is concisely given in the report: "Though anxious to help every applicant, the committee can do very little for those who have received no technical training, and who are not in a position to acquire it, either because they are too old or because they cannot maintain themselves while training. The most distressing cases are those of ladies who have been brought up in ease, and unexpectedly thrown on their own resources."



SANDAL-WOOD CABINET
PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MAUD BY MR. F. P. BHONGARA AS A SYMBOL OF THE
RESPECT OF THE CRAFTSMEN OF INDIA.

Lord Loch, speaking at the Imperial Institute, recently stated that there is no opening for female domestic servants at the Cape, because the Kaffirs do the household work; but that there is room for typewriters and stenographers and for trained nurses. One of the latter class, who has been there for some time, writes to correct this impression, and to tell her English sisters that the only nurse who should go out there is one who is able and ready to clean and cook for her patients. She adds that the lack of comfort and convenience experienced in such new conditions alone enables the home-trained nurse to appreciate how much labour and discomfort are saved her by all that is ready to her hand in civilised lands. Only the exceptionally capable and healthy nurses, therefore, should go over

to South Africa. This is the sad truth about the emigration that is offered as a panacea for all the ills of overcrowding in old lands. It is *hardship* that is undertaken by any person who goes to be one of those who open up a new land, no matter in what capacity, and many who would be able to do well under civilised conditions will break down beneath the privations of the pioneer.

Those who are about to travel will like to be informed as to an entirely new sort of trunk, made by Messrs. Foot and Son, of 62, New Bond Street. It is called "The Eureka," and its peculiarity is that it opens in the front, something like a chest of drawers in an antique bureau. The front being thus lifted up, a series of sliding trays is revealed, each one of which can be drawn out without disturbing the others. Thus fragile articles can be packed without pressure, and one sort of article can be got at without disturbing all the rest of the contents. The effect of the opening in the front, too, is that it does not need to be lifted away from the wall before it can be opened, as all other kinds require.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1893), with a codicil (dated March 2, 1895), of the Right Hon. Francis William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, Baron Fitzhardinge, of Berkeley Castle, Gloucester, Cranford House, Cranford, Middlesex, and 9, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on June 29, was proved on July 18 by Sir George Banks Jenkinson, Bart., and the Right Hon. Anthony Mildmay Julian, Earl of Westmorland, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £102,392. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, Georgiana, Baroness Fitzhardinge; £1000 each to his sisters, Lady Gifford and the Hon. Mrs. Armytage; £1000 to the Earl of Westmorland; £1000 to the gentlemen now constituting the firm of Horn and Francis, his London solicitors; £500 and such short-horn as he shall select to his farm steward; £300 to his butler; and his wearing apparel and wardrobe to his valet. Such articles as under the wills of his grandfather, Earl Berkeley, and of his uncle, Earl Fitzhardinge, were made heirlooms, or which he has power to dispose of, he leaves, upon trust, to permit Lady Fitzhardinge to have the use of during her life or widowhood, and then equally between Thomas Banks Jenkinson and Katherine Sophia Jenkinson, but the successor to the Berkeley settled estates is to have the option of purchasing same at a valuation. He devises the Tan House Farm, Berkeley, to his niece, Madeline Holme Jenkinson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then as to one moiety thereof equally between Thomas Banks Jenkinson and Katherine Sophia Jenkinson, and the other moiety, upon trust, for Madeline Holme Jenkinson, for life, and then to her children as she

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Tea Merchant.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



TO HER MAJESTY.
THE QUEEN.

ONE OF

LIPTON'S TEA-GARDENS

CEYLON



TEAS.

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WORLD CAN
PRODUCE**

1^s/7 PER LB.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

**RICH PURE
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1^s/- and 1^s/4 PER LB.

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FAIRY CAKES

SPECIALY SUITABLE FOR AFTERNOON TEA

are recommended by

PEEK, FREAN & CO.

Biscuit Manufacturers,

LONDON.

Order through your Grocer :

FAIRY CURRANT, FAIRY MADEIRA,

FAIRY SULTANA, FAIRY COCOANUT,

FAIRY ASSORTED CAKES, or

FAIRY ICED CAKES.

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THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL
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1889.

"THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES.

Mild and Fragrant. Manufactured from the Finest Selected Growths of Virginia.



There's no sweeter Tobacco comes From Virginia,
and no better brand than the "THREE CASTLES" —
you'll take to it, bless you, as you grow older.

THE "THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO,

MILD AND FINE CUT (Green Label), specially adapted for Cigarettes.

MEDIUM STRENGTH AND COARSE CUT (Yellow Label) strongly recommended for Pipe Smoking.

Both kinds are sold in 1-oz. and 2-oz. Square Packets, and ½-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, LIMITED, BRISTOL & LONDON.

shall by deed or will appoint. By his codicil the testator confirms a gift of a messuage and premises at Berkeley for the purposes of a hospital. He leaves his pack of foxhounds and such part of the kennels as are his absolute property to Sir George Jenkinson and Mr. Thomas Butt Miller, upon trust, to hand the same over to such gentleman or body of gentlemen who are willing to hunt the Berkeley country, and who in the trustees' opinion are competent to do so. The witnesses to the will are the Duke of Wellington and Mr. G. E. Paget, the chairman of the Midland Railway.

The will (dated May 21, 1896) of Major-General John Salusbury Trevor, C.S.I., of Blandford House, 75, Ladbroke Road, Notting Hill, who died on June 9, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Mary Mildred Baker, the sister, and General William Spottiswoode Trevor, Colonel Salusbury Thomas Trevor, and Colonel Edward Walker Trevor, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £35,529. The testator bequeaths £600, his jewels, carriages, and horses, and consumable stores to his wife, Dame Elizabeth Dawson Trevor; £500, upon trust, for his great-nephew, Herbert Trevor Raban, and an annuity of £100 to his sister, Mrs. M. M. Baker. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. On her decease or remarriage he gives £2000 each to his nieces, except Henrietta Van Heythuysen, Mary Van Heythuysen, Mildred Van Heythuysen, and Ellen Van Heythuysen, to whom he gives annuities of £50 each; and £1500 each to his great-nieces, Dorothea Mildred Ring and Gladys Edith Ring. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephew, Robert Salusbury Trevor.

The will (dated July 14, 1894) of Captain William Percival Elgee, of 20, Queen's Gate Place, South Kensington, formerly her Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary for the South of England and Wales, who died on June 28 at Brighton, was proved on July 15 by Percival Charles Elgee, the son, Henry Entwistle Bury, and Denzil John



CASKET IN WHICH THE FREEDOM OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY WAS PRESENTED TO PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Dyne Fenton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,292. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his wife for life, and then as to his house, with the furniture and contents thereof, for his son, Percival Charles Elgee, and as to the ultimate residue, between his son and five daughters in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 20, 1884), with a codicil thereto (dated Oct. 4, 1894), of Mr. Josiah Livingston, of 4, Minto Street, Edinburgh, merchant, and who was twice Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, who died on Jan. 13, granted to Peter Wright Lime

and Mrs. Rebecca Livingston, the widow, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on July 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £14,908.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1893) of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert O'Brien FitzRoy, K.C.B., F.R.G.S., of 42, Park Lane and the Army and Navy Club, who died on May 7 at Beaminster, was proved on July 15 by Major-General George Robert FitzRoy and Frederick Willis Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,842. The testator bequeaths £4500, upon trust, for his sister Fanny O'Brien FitzRoy; £300 each to his executors, and £100 to his manservant. The residue of his property he leaves between his sisters Laura Maria Elizabeth FitzRoy and Katherine O'Brien FitzRoy, as tenants in common.

The will of Mr. Edward John Ridgway, J.P., of Rownall Hall, Stafford, who died on May 11, was proved on July 13 by John Ridgway and Edward Akroyd Ridgway, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £7425.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mrs. Caroline Matilda Bridges, widow of the late Canon Bridges, of Beddington House, Croydon, who died on June 2 intestate, were granted on July 4 to John Henry Bridges, the son and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate being £8916.

The will of Mr. Edmund Waldo Meade-Waldo, J.P., of Stonewall Park, Kent; Barmoor Castle, Northumberland; and Marton Hall, Salop, who died on March 14, was proved on July 18 by Mrs. Cicely Eleanor Meade-Waldo, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5826.

The will of Major Edward Nicholas Heygate, J.P., D.L., of Buckland, near Leominster, who died on May 30, was proved on July 16 by Mrs. Mary Jane Heygate, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £1075.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

- Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
- Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
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MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

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Is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Routh says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a tea-spoonful." Post free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Nanie, and Address are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2, to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 5, as per special bills.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from the Victoria and London Bridge Terminals. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.

EVERY WEEK-DAY (except Brighton Race Days, Aug. 4, 5, and 6), Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

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Victoria .. dep.	a.m. 10.0 9.45	Paris .. dep.	a.m. 10.0 9.0
London Bridge ..	p.m. 10.0 9.55	Victoria ..	p.m. 10.0 9.0
Paris .. arr.	p.m. 7.0 7.45	London Bridge ..	p.m. 7.0 7.45

FAREN—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return First, 68s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 31s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and Other Cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

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Via Newhaven and Oustreham. The only direct route.

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ANGLO-NORMAN TOURS.—Tickets for Circular Tours are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 3.—Cheap Day Excursions from London, to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS

DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 4, 5, and 6.

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SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.—From London Bridge and Victoria. Cheap Day Return Tickets. From Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Portsmouth, Chichester, Hove, &c., and certain intermediate Stations, as per Handbills.

Frequent Extra Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR full particulars see Programmes and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West End, 24, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.

(By Order) ALLEN SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge and New Cross to	SUNDAY, AUG. 2.		BANK HOLIDAY.	
	Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.	Train.	Return Fares 3rd Class.
TUN. WELLS ..	a.m. 9.20	s. d. 3 6	a.m. 8.30	s. d. 4 0
HASTINGS ..	9.20	3 6	8.30	4 0
ASHFORD ..	8.15	4 0	7 0	5 0
CANTERBURY ..	8.15	4 0	7 15	5 0
DEAL ..	9 0	4 0	7 15	5 0
WALMER ..	9 0	4 0	7 15	5 0
RAMSGATE ..	8.15	4 0	7 15	5 0
MARGATE ..	8.15	4 0	7 15	5 0
HYTHE ..	9 0	3 0	7 0	5 0
SANDGATE ..	9 0	3 0	7 0	5 0
POWELLSTONE ..	9 0	4 0	7 0	5 0
DOVER ..	9 0	4 0	7 0	5 0
*ALDERSHOT ..	9 0	4 0	7 0	5 0
GRAVESEND ..	Any train.	1 6	7 0 & 9 28	3 0
ROCHESTER ..	" "	2 6	8 0 & 10 0	2 6
CHATHAM ..	" "	2 6	8 0 & 10 0	2 6
SHEERNESS ..	" "	2 6	9 10	2 6

* Not calling at New Cross.

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSEHILL GARDENS), &c., on Bank Holiday.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The CHEAP FRIDAY or SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS to the SEASIDE, issued on July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2, also the CHEAP SUNDAY to MONDAY TICKETS to RAMSGATE, MARGATE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, and HASTINGS, issued on Aug. 2, will be available to return up to Wednesday, Aug. 5.

CHEAP TICKETS to ST. LEONARDS and HASTINGS, available to return on the 8th, 10th, 15th, or 17th day, will be issued on Saturday, Aug. 1, and every Saturday until the end of September, leaving Charing Cross at 8.20 a.m. and 11.15 a.m., calling at Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross. Return Fare, Third Class, 7s.

Cheap Tickets will be issued from Country Stations to the Seaside and other Stations.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross dep. 3.5 p.m., calling at Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, Saturday, Aug. 1, 21s (1st class), 12s. 6d. (3rd class). Returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

PARIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) and 9 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 1. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 9 p.m. July 30 to Aug. 3, 5s. 4d. (1st class), 3s. 6d. (2nd class), 2s. 6d. (3rd class), and by 9 p.m. Train only. Tickets available for 14 days.

OSTEND.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35, and 9 p.m., 5.35, 6d. (1st class), 2s. 6d. (2nd class), July 31 to Aug. 3. Tickets available for 8 days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. Bank Holiday, 15s. (1st class), 10s. (3rd class). Returning same day at 1.10 p.m. and 3.45 p.m., or 1.30 a.m. on following day.

BRUSSELS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. or 9 p.m., 5s. (1st class), 40s. 6d. (2nd class), 25s. 9d. (3rd class), and by 9 p.m. Train only, July 31 to Aug. 3. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS via Ostend.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd class only), and 9 p.m., 40s. 7d. (1st class), 30s. 1d. (2nd class), 19s. 1d. (3rd class), July 31 to Aug. 3. Tickets available for 8 days.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to BOULOGNE or CALAIS (available for certain periods) will be issued on July 31 and Aug. 1 and 2. The Services between London and the Continent will be run as usual.

For full particulars of the Return Times of Excursions, Alternations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

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TWO GRAND SCHEMES.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

I wish I had the talents of a great *Promoter*, for I understand that it is the business of a promoter to float any society, company, or undertaking which is started for the benefit of mankind, whether financial, social, or religious—to put it upon its legs in fact, and to set it working practically as a going concern. I have in my mind, and I have long had in my mind, two great schemes, which, if only they could be duly introduced to the notice of my countrymen, would, I am sure, commend themselves to the wise and prudent of this generation and receive the support, the very cordial support, of thousands, perhaps of millions, of my fellow-creatures. The only difficulty is how to obtain a hearing from those whose co-operation is required for the successful starting of every great endeavour.

My first scheme may be called *A Measure for the Regulation and Adequate Taxation of Titles*; my second may be described as *A Measure for the Rational Regulation of Deeds of Gift*. If my readers suppose I am going to worry them with a treatise upon what lawyers mean when they talk about titles, let them at once dismiss such a fear from their minds. I admit that there was a time when I used to carry about in my pocket a copy of Littleton's "Tenures," and that I have been guilty of puzzling myself with elementary difficulties in the Science of Law; but I have long since grown out of this weakness. Looking over my shoulder as I write, I am reminded of the old doggerel, which sticks in my memory in spite of myself, and which my experience of life has taught me the truth of—

A fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of fees—Female!

Of course the lady must be of the right sort—not *feline*, for that doesn't rhyme and doesn't scan, and suggests a pussy who is a hussy. My titles are not concerned with the ownership of the land, or, at any rate, very little concerned with it. It may as well be

explained at once that when I talk of titles, I mean titular distinctions such as are increasing upon us alarmingly and multifariously from year to year, till life is becoming quite unnecessarily bewildering by reason of the appalling accumulation of ornamental or disfiguring appellations which confront us and confuse both ear and eye wherever we move. The Queen has a Remembrancer, and the City of London has a Remembrancer also; and if we go on as we have been going on during the last fifty years, every public man, and every private one, too, who hopes to hold his place in society, will have to hire a functionary to keep his employer posted-up in the rights and titles of his correspondents and his clients. Even in friend Horace's days, the shrewd old diplomatist advises a candidate to get a professional to prompt him when he was engaged in his canvass—

*Mercemur servum qui dietet nomina, laevum
Qui fodiet latus, et cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere.*

Which, being interpreted, comes out thus—

Get a fellow to teach you the different names
Of the eads, and to give you a poke in the ribs,
Meaning, "Mind you shake hands with him. He's
Mr. Dibbs.
His trade?—Well! It's butter; but he's not plain
James!"

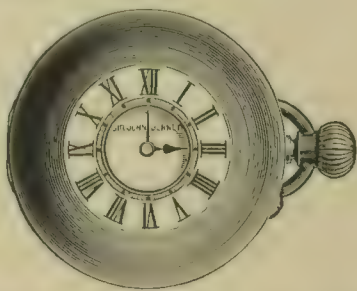
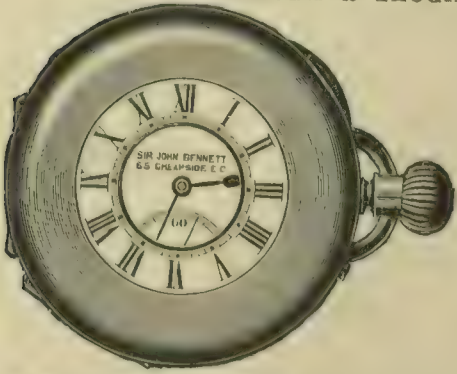
Nobody is plain James nowadays. Men and women bristle behind and before with capital letters. It is as rare to find a man of forty who has not got something tacked on to him as it is to find a woman of thirty who has not written a book; and the cry is still they come. Time was when K.G. stood for something which inspired awe and deference towards the bearer of that grand honour; but even a Knight of the Garter has come to be regarded as not much better than any other knight among the people who prattle about a distinction without a difference, and without in the least knowing what they mean, are proud of the alliteration in what they say. As to V.C., that does seem to have laid hold of the multitude, as you may say; but P.C. is a source of much perplexity to

them. "What's our member agoin' to call hisself Right Honourable for?" I heard a worthy agriculturist say a year or so ago. "The Queen's made him a member of the Privy Council," was the reply. "Well, but that don't spell 'R.H.,' same as our Prince of Wales does!" The hopeless tangle into which he had got himself was expressed in every line of the poor fellow's face. There was no way out of it. The part that that mystic letter C plays in these matters indicates that there is some special and occult virtue belonging to this third letter in the alphabet. Will the uninitiated in such lore note the following and guess the riddles they stand for?—A.D.C., A.S.C., B.S.C., C.C., I.S.C., M.S.C., P.S.C., R.I.C. That will do for once; it is not well to ask such dreadfully easy riddles as Little Alice was accused of setting when you have a host of them in reserve. As to the ladies, they are insatiable in their demands for capital letters after their names. At my elbow there is lying a really learned treatise by a young lady who claims to be Ph.D., and plaintively laments that she was once, but is no longer, "Fellow of Yale University." Poor thing! Did she forfeit her Fellowship by entering upon the married state? Mr. Richard Swiveller was in the habit of slapping Miss Sally Brass on the back and addressing her as old fellow! and Sally did not resent the familiarity. Here is a lady who claims to be called "Sometime Fellow." Peradventure she would resent the suggestion of antiquity which the other epithet might imply. But the ladies as a body are all clamouring to be designated as *Bachelors*—*Spinsters* is not to be tolerated—and *Masters*—by no means *Mistresses*—of all the arts in all the Universities new and old.

My point is that we want fewer titles, not more of them. I would have everybody with any mark of distinction after his name taxed for his title, just as everybody who has the misfortune to bear arms has to pay for this equivocal privilege. Surely it is quite unnecessary that a lady should keep a lap-dog. It is obviously a luxury, and she contributes to the national revenue for permission so to do. Why should she be let off when she claims to have half-a-dozen capital C's behind her? One at least of our bishops

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33/- If possible let me have
it by Wednesday morning
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
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(Granddaughter of our Queen and Sister to the Emperor of Germany).



ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.

Berlin
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"Koko" for the hair, is
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It keeps the head cool,
promotes growth, and is
in every way excellent.

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ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF, PREVENTS HAIR FALLING, PROMOTES ITS GROWTH,
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

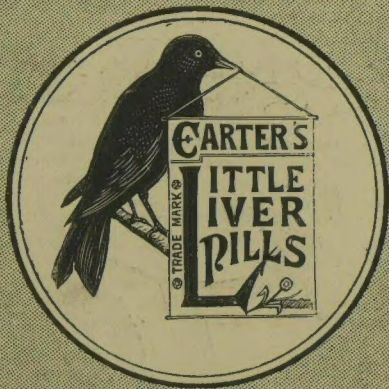
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Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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1s. 1½d.
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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

**Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Bilious Headache.**

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for
"Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on
the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.

Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure
they are CARTER'S

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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**KEEP THE WOLF
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HOVIS

over any other bread, either
brown or white, both in its bone
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secures for it the coveted position
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Highest Award at the Food and Cookery
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The Public are Cautioned against accepting from
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having met with such unprecedented success, is being
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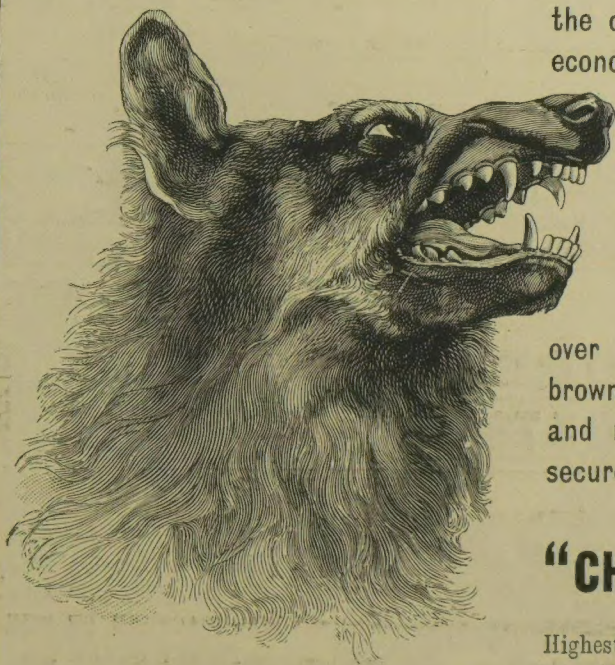
Purchasers are requested to see that all Bread supplied to them as
"Hovis" is stamped "Hovis."

Apply to your Grocer for "Hovis" Flour for Home use,
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If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS,"
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S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

6d. or 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamp.



declines to be honoured with the D.D. degree. Like a wise man as he is, he objects to pay the fees. He replies to the University who offers it to him: "Thank you very much; I really have no use for it. You may keep it yourselves!" Suppose we all had to pay a fine more or less heavy for the capital letters we add on to our names—would they be quite as common as they are? But where shall we begin?—that is the practical question. Now I have no hesitation whatever in answering that question. I would begin at the title *Esquire*.

It is a positive fact that a certain candidate for Parliamentary honours whom I feel a considerable respect and admiration for, gave orders that all the voting cards which were forwarded to his constituents in preparation for the last polling day, bestowed upon every single voter in that division of the county the title of "Esquire." There was no exception. The Lady Shepherd and I are used to be addressed in rather strange ways sometimes; but it was rather refreshing for once to find myself included in the squirearchy. I really had no objection, and the labourers felt the delicate compliment so much that they went for that honourable member and returned him with acclamations. "We've got the vote!" said a droll old rat-catcher, "and why shouldn't we have the franchise, too?" Why not indeed, if being called Esquire is getting the

franchise? But charge an extra postage stamp upon every letter with Esquire upon it, and we may soon get a penny knocked off the income-tax. Think of the waste that is involved in all this *squireolatriy*; the hundreds of hogsheads of ink that are consumed every month in writing those absurd letters; the immense waste of time; the prodigious wear and tear of steel pens; the irritation caused by the *not* writing those complimentary letters! When I began this paper I meant to write a very recondite dissertation upon the meaning of that word "esquire," but my pen has run away with me and I forbear. Would it not be a real reform worth attempting and carrying out, if some few thousands of us were to bind ourselves by an oath "and keep it with an equal mind" that we would from, say, the first of January next never again address any man as Esquire unless we knew and were sure and could explain why he was entitled to be so addressed? Or if that is too much, never address a gentleman—a real gentleman—in this absurd way; or, best of all, if we bound ourselves to address every lady of our acquaintance, married or single, not as Miss or Mrs., but as Laura, or Cleopatra, or Mary Jane, or Susan, or Ethel Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, Esq.? The chances are that the wife would have just as much right to the title as the husband; and if the men

objected, I am sure the ladies would approve of the change. I had rather go through life with the wives on my side than their spouses. By the way—Is a husband a spouse?

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been speaking on prayers for the dead. He protests against the idea that the only way of saving souls is by having perpetual intercession made for them. He also says that there cannot be any union so long as the Roman Church retains the frightful doctrine that almost every soul goes into a punishment which is equal to hell-fire, and remains until it is purged or set free by the prayers of the Church. As the Greek patriarch said, the early or primitive Church knew no such doctrine. It prayed for the souls of the dead, but it believed them to be in the presence of Christ only not yet perfected. It spoke of the place of their abode as a place of light and refreshment. These were two very different doctrines.

The latest date on which applications can be received for Mellin's Food Art Competition is Aug. 17, 1896. Such an exceptional offer in the interests of art as £1000 in prizes is worthy of exceptional results, so we should advise our readers to apply in good time, in order to stand a chance of securing one of the many valuable prizes.

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"Lanoline" Toilet Soap

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Renders the most sensitive skins,
healthy clear and elastic.

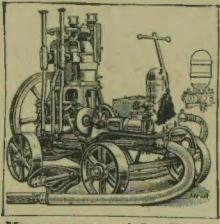
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Nourishes, invigorates and
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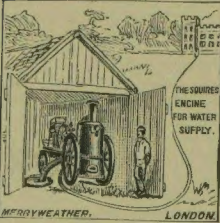
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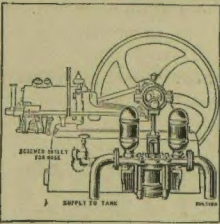
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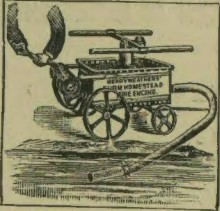
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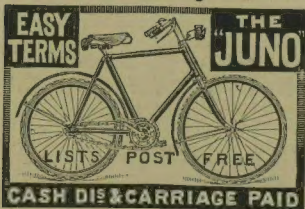
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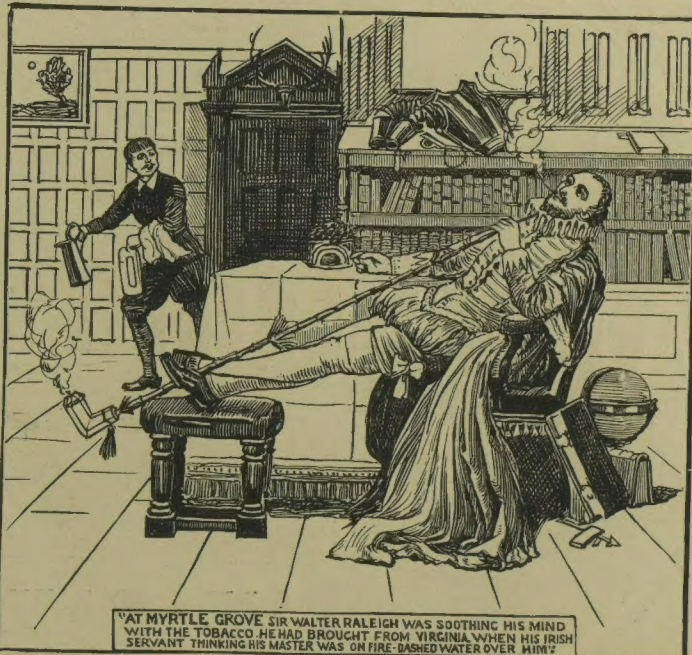
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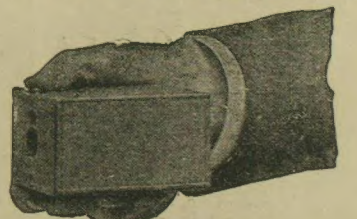
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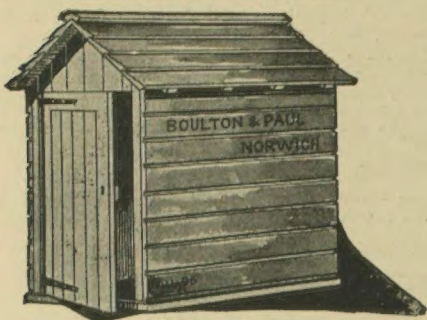
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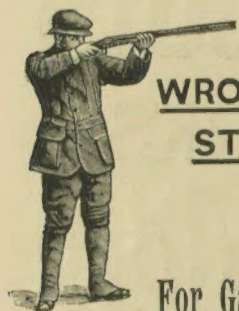
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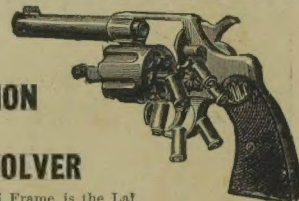


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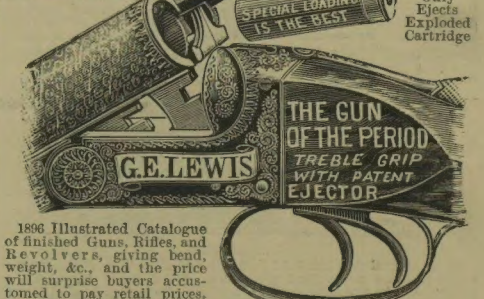
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